

Thompson (p. 1)  
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A  
CANDID ADDRESS

TO THE  
PUBLIC,

CALCULATED TO INSPIRE SENTIMENTS OF LOYALTY FOR  
OUR SOVEREIGN AND CONSTITUTION, AND TO  
PROMOTE MUTUAL GOOD OFFICES AMONGST  
ALL RANKS OF MEN:

TOGETHER WITH TWO APPPOSITE POEMS;

THE ONE, ENTITLED

*THE CORDIAL;*

THE OTHER,

AN EULOGIUM ON BRITISH MUNIFICENCE,

PAYING A PARTICULAR COMPLIMENT TO THE METROPOLIS.

BY A FRIEND TO DUE SUBORDINATION.

*Tu regere imperio populos, BRITANNE, memento:  
Hæc tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

VIR.

Let OLD ENGLAND's great impartial reign,  
Fight but for *Justice*, and her seat regain;  
But *never*—*never* quit the empire of the main.  
Yes, let ENGLAND's great impartial sway  
Bid distant nations gladly deign t' obey,  
When *JUSTICE* guides—nor will their rights betray.  
See! how she likes, with noble grace,  
To deck her brows with *laurel'd* peace.  
She checks the *proud*;—but ready to forgive:  
Rise, *suppliants*—rise—he cheer'd, and live.  
By arts like these, its MONARCHY we own  
Erects its standard—and confirms its throne!

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1796.

(Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.)

The Author has to beg that the purchaser of this tract will, after perusing its contents, be so good as lend it to such as delight in reading, but are not enabled to buy books. To favour which purpose he has fixed the price at 2s. 6d. instead of 3s.

#### ERRATA.

Page 2, line 17. For *avowed*, read *secret*.

5,	14.	<i>yes,</i>	<i>yet.</i>
43,	2.	<i>waffing,</i>	<i>waspish.</i>
54,	6.	<i>it,</i>	<i>them.</i>
55,	5.	<i>us,</i>	<i>you.</i>
ditto,	6.	<i>ditto,</i>	<i>ditto.</i>
108,	7.	<i>fixing,</i>	<i>affixing.</i>





GENTLEMEN,

THE motives that gave birth to this effort, will, I doubt not, justify the terms I have deemed not unreasonable to adopt: and, as the language employed will not, I trust, give a wrong direction to the generous impulses of any man's heart, or encourage any other principles but such as will prove *ultimately* beneficial, as well to individuals as to the community at large, I would gladly preface that your candour will not fail to smile upon this production; and if any tolerable degree of consistency be blended among such errors as too frequently steal in upon authorities that are below the standard of perfection, I have humbly to request that your joint goodness will so far recommend it in the circle of your friends, that, by its publicity, it may prove advantageous and honourable to the author and his connections, and move forward as a humble vehicle whereby to convey information, not only of a mere temporary nature, but to exhibit truths of a moral and perennial obligation. And although, in this wide field of political and moral investigation, I may have erred again and again, and have to meet censure---perhaps, some

I  
applause;

applause; (for it was the countenance of my friends which engaged me in this attempt,) yet the *one* and the *other* I will endeavour so to estimate, as to put down for a common gain. I am aware---

When envy prompts the mind to spleen:—

No *Beauties*—*Faults*, and naught but faults are seen:—  
Doubtful each word—each act—and awkward ev'ry mien.

And malice keen, with her enormous throw;  
Heaves massy rocks, and twangs her missive bow—  
Lifts heaven and earth to deal the deadly blow.

*Friendships* would gladly wish to speak too far;  
*Malice* drags merits at her ruthless car,  
And ever wages an ungen'rous war.

But candid minds will judge between  
What they have heard and felt,—and what they've seen,  
And thence will draw a *golden mean*.

Be pleased, my friends and countrymen, as *citizens* of the world at large, to accept my best thanks for your kind patronage of this work; and should I be so fortunate, by your good offices in my behalf, as to be induced to bring forward a second edition, *this* would, indeed, challenge a double portion of gratitude, from one, who, with due deference and respect, begs leave to subscribe himself,

Gentlemen, I  
Your most obedient  
and much-obliged humble servant,  
GEO. THOMPSON.

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## P R E F A C E.

**A**T a time when debates run high, when censures have not been wanting, and when, amidst the discussion of important political questions, extraordinary invectives have escaped from different quarters; it was intimated to me a small share of honour might, perhaps, attach to my stepping forward at this trying crisis, and submitting to the calm consideration of the dispassionate reader, (for objects ought to be viewed through no other medium but that of candour) those sentiments and that language which had, awhile ago, met the approbation of some gentlemen who are distinguished for literature, and which, my heart can witness,

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originated



originated from motives of the most laudable nature.

Taking up the hint—I weighed it—I fostered it—I matured it; and at length determined (being, I trust, divested of party prejudice) to employ the old weapon in the old cause, but with fresh address: and shall feel happy, indeed, should the application of my best, but feeble efforts, tend, although in a small degree, to secure what in the end ought to be one great and common interest and darling object—the *public good*, which is inseparably connected with the *public tranquillity*.

It was my first intention to have come more closely in contact with a certain person of considerable abilities; but recollecting how very inadequate we are to decide fairly upon the the avowed purposes of any man's heart, and his inward springs of action: I have therefore preferred arguments of a more general, and, I flatter myself, of a more lasting utility.

I would

I would gladly persuade myself I have much candour and indulgence to expect, when I aver that no personal or party-enmity is meant to be fostered by the sentiments of this Address, however freely they may seem to be announced,

I would gladly forgive myself I have made  
candour and indulgence to expect, when I  
ever that no personal or party-enmity is meant  
to be fostered by the friends of this Address,  
however freely they may seem to be an-

tioned.



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## CANDID ADDRESS, &c.

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**S**HALL we introduce this moderate, and, we trust, this rational reply, couched in general terms, to that exaggerating and dangerous cast of language which has been obtaining, with remarking, If amidst the plausible schemes or projects which are held forth to us, we should, for experiment's sake, adopt those of the more promising features; (for we readily admit new schemes ever delight the theorist, which, although grand and immortalized in the excursion of fancy, might, like Plato's commonwealth, prove impracticable in the execution, because the subordinate movements are not in due concert with the high-tuned instrument)—yes, after the revolution of a few years, it is not improbable, (experiments themselves have taught us), neither is it uncharacteristic of human frailty (such, alas! is the inefficiency of almost all human devices), should we hear a loud recall of those very laws, and  
those,

those, in general, venerable establishments which were displaced, we trust, from the best of motives. Such is the spirit of man, and such his pursuits after the great work of reform, and after those notions which he, at certain moments, (moments, we hope, of patriotic ardour) is bold enough to stamp with the dignified character of infallible positions. We are far from insinuating that reforms may not, in some departments, be wanting; but the due means to be employed in effecting the valuable end—*this is the nice point*. May I be permitted to ask whether or not any of us would forego the profits which spring from supposed or real state abuses, to do away the mass of evils which so unfortunately break in upon our rest? It would be well, indeed, had a man resolution enough to stand forward a true patriot, detached from party spirit and great private considerations; yes, it would feel very engaging to candid minds to see men exerting their best energy in promoting the public cause with reasonable views and a calmer deportment.

Were not the experiment too often dangerous—  
 were men's interests and affections at all times in  
 unison

union—then, and then only, might great communities and kingdoms at large be induced, from a sameness of motives, to go hand in hand, and each day would hail them the sons of peace and unanimity ; and then would the wise regulate the ignorant at his pleasure, without noise and without strife, and thus gradually mount them, by cheap-bought experiments, to the highest pitch of, not only political, but also moral attainments.

It were devoutly to be wished !

Now when this is the case, and not till then, can we expect to grasp in lasting embraces that object which we in vain, although very naturally and laudably, are in pursuit of—*perfection* : and without this in the due extent of the word, still in vain do we delude ourselves with the notion of complete systems. It should, in the first place, be our chief study to aim at perfection—moral perfection ; nay, were it not for human errors and depravities, human systems would, of course, be harmonized by moral perfection : but, alas ! although human systems hold up to our view great models on the scale of perfection ; yet so few of



us, comparatively speaking, are heartily disposed to employ due energy in the execution of laudable and well-framed laws, that human injunctions, not to say divine, will, I fear, at last rise up in condemnation against us; and, perhaps, those who are most forward in invectives, and are so incessantly engaged in this difficult—this hazardous work of reform, will, in the end, find some difficulty in satisfying their own hearts, upon a fair appeal, and in justifying themselves, who, while aiming with too high a hand, at improving our polity, may put their native land into such agitations and such an uproar, as a century of their best services might poorly atone for!

It is well known, many evils, disorders, and abuses prevail in private families, in defiance of the master of the house; and it is well known to common observers, how surprisingly daring and ungovernable a little community of youths are, even under the very eye and rod of their teacher: so we must not make it matter of wonder if we hear that disorders and abuses reign in this great kingdom, the machine being so complex, and made up of so many different movements: nay,  
have

have we not just cause to wonder we are governed so well, considering the high mettle of men, and their interests so often clashing? What season has not its alloy? What individual can justly boast of perfection? And if individuals are not perfect, how can a government be made so, which is formed of these individuals! We must then be content with certain moderate advances to that degree of perfection which is so devoutly to be wished.

It does not, I humbly presume, argue a warrantable degree of candour, but rather betrays a want of generous and liberal sentiment, when we are so constantly engaged in viewing objects on the dark side. With this temper about him, a man will find an endless range for censures and clamour, and be too often staggered amidst a multiplicity of purposes, without effecting any thing of lasting utility. Man, it is true, should be a sociable and an useful being; but he should employ his abilities for his own and the public good, with great and due caution. Patriotism—true patriotism is finely attempered, and challenges unceasing eulogies! And it manifests too a correct

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and candid turn of mind to employ a respectful demeanour towards characters who, we trust, are respectable, whose lot (we hope not misfortune) it is to move in an elevated sphere, and who, at this awkward crisis, are engaged in the painful task of directing the political helm, amidst a thousand jarring interests, and amidst a numberless collision of party-prejudices : one would, sometimes, wonder how so complicated a machine was managed so well.

Why then should we so much relish this way of censuring—this mode of exhibiting the dark, and, perhaps, unfinished side of the portrait; which is not only ungenerous, but unfair! Some, too, may draw conclusions unhappy to themselves from this way of argumentation. (Shew us the statue of complete symmetry—Step forward the man who has no blemishes). Neither can we, at present, admit that this method of proceeding will lead us to the possession of the public object : nay, so far from benefiting the uninformed and the unstable class of the community, who have, no doubt, a plausible object in view, that this mode of conveying information, being more specious



cious than solid, and this aggravating tone will, I fear, tend too much to inflame the passions of men, some of whom may perhaps feel themselves injured, or disappointed in their competitions in life; and thus, without an ability of redressing their and the public grievances, we may in the end, by over-acting our parts in the great drama, prove destructive to our own design, and tarnish our own credit.

Neither should we aim with too much eagerness at the unsubstantial plaudits of the moment. If the cause be good, Heaven will, we trust, in due time, influence the hearts of our rulers. They, beyond a doubt, look at the general interests of the nation; and private emoluments are bid to be sacrificed and waved in the establishment of general great purposes. A favourite neat house or box has been displaced in a narrow lane, to improve the avenue, by widening the road. A number of apposite instances might be adduced to shew how manly it is to sacrifice private interest to the public cause.

I repeat it, we should be contented with a moderate share of devotional tribute. Herod suffered

a dreadful death, from his mistaken notions of honour. Great and good men, in all ages, were not thus eager of momentary popular applause:— They left posterity to rear monuments to their deserts.

*Extinctus amabitur idem.*

The good entail rich honours on their name.

How far soever this entering the lists against corruption and high station, and this unusual way of scouring the various alleys through which the rich, the great, and others, we are informed, hold intercourse one with another, may carry with it the plausible air of philanthropy; yet I am certain it would ill harmonize with the professions of any man who appears to stand forward as the friend of his countrymen, by a mis-timed zeal (we will call it by no other name, for the honour of humanity) to hurt the cause which he has thought fit thus formidably to espouse. And who will deny that it were a pity any one should, by misapplying the proper requisites, (I mean able abilities), and by over-acting his part, frustrate the design, if decidedly laudable, which he professes to promote—I repeat, it were a pity. The unprejudiced,  
however,

however, who alone are fit to make a due estimate of men and things, would be apt to remark, that all those violent agitations, this extraordinary invective, and this fault-finding spirit, tend to dash the flavour of patriotism. Patriotism itself claims a medium. Violence disparages, and, perhaps, may defeat its own cause. Sources may be corrupted. Prejudices may be ill-founded. Opinions may be distempered—Were it not so; were men really patriots, or really judicious, (not to say really good), waving private considerations when they come in competition with public claims; piques, animosities, and dangerous oppositions of opinions buried in oblivion, or, at least, fostered with a greater share of candour, they would (if I make a due estimate of men, and draw not unfair conclusions from things) go this way to work :—Yes, they would set out with remarking, we, in our calm and more dispassionate deliberate moments, begin to admit that we might be too forward, and not sufficiently temperate in abetting the cause of the people, and aiming at certain advances towards reform, in which, it is true, we were by no means singular: we have carried matters to extremities. The event, however, has taught us  
that



that we, with our friends who embarked in the same cause, should make a prudent use of our well-meant zeal, and commit ourselves and our cause to the all wise Disposer and Arbiter of all affairs, who will be our strongest defence.

And we must allow, that as in the issue, it has appeared we have failed, however well-meaning, in securing our purpose; it is, therefore, high time to withdraw from these bickerings to a closer intimacy with our respective professional callings, and useful walks in life, where a due application to business will more effectually do those abuses away, and, most probably, better secure to us the moderate gratifications of reasonable men, than any other steps we are at present, either enabled or authorized, from our own arrangements, to adopt.

And although we have felt ourselves rather harshly treated, yet it would be beneath our professions of philanthropy, which ought to bear healing under its wings, to hurt our friends, or the public, without securing to them the great object before us:—yes, we will desist a while at least,

least, fearing that a violent line of conduct, should, in the nice balance of unbribed truth, be reprobated as a vindictive spirit of retaliation; and we must take care, lest a new set of principles be ingrafted upon our old stock of patriotism. and how dare we venture to say, that selfishness, rancour, and ambition may not engross our affections, and drive us to dangerous lengths?

Indeed, these vicious, these corrupted limbs of the state, would afford us a wide field to range in—yes, we must yet repeat, we discern government errors, which we still contend ought to be meliorated; but we will now desist, lest by agitating the chafed spirits of the people, we do a public evil, by endangering the tranquillity of the nation, entail much harm; and instead of securing peace and reform, and abating disturbances and riots, we ourselves unfortunately become the cause of them; and thus by an imprudent patriotism, we may stand on record, after our best exertions, as the ill-fated instruments of hurting those very men, whose interests have so frequently engaged our attention.

This

This would be *true patriotism* !—This would by all parties merit a monument of *brass*, with this eulogy inscribed :

“ Here lie in peaceful abodes the Remains of true Patriots, and honest Men, who had it much at heart to render useful services to the lower, whom they thought oppressed class of their countrymen ; but rather than try dangerous experiments at the expense of the public tranquillity, and embark in a disastrous enterprise, they prudently desisted, judging it better that some evils should attach to probationers, whose very happiness grows out of, and is enhanced by trials (but not by wanton oppression) than a whole nation should be thrown into an uproar.”

It must be confessed, that in taking up the interests of the lower descriptions of men, a man displays great fortitude ; neither would I have dared to have offered an amendment to abilities much superior, I believe, to my own, did I not wish well to the poor, whom, yet, I must remark, it is no small difficulty to gratify ; and had I not myself more than once engaged in active, and I



trust, useful services for their welfare, beyond a possibility of injuring any party, I should most likely, but with difficulty, have been induced to come forward in this exigency, and offer my humble remarks to the candid attention of all parties, whom it is as well my duty, as inclination and interest to wish well ; and, indeed, it would be no small gratification to witness a total dereliction of party-strife and party-names, and to see a cordial philanthropy pervade, and, as it were, electrify the breast of every honest man.

With this view, I wish to intimate, we should be extremely cautious how we address the feelings and passions of men ; neither should we so industriously step forward to argue any class of people into a harsh opinion of their stations or comforts in life (for this, in the first instance, makes them unhappy) many of whom being, we trust, engaged in a virtuous struggle, should rather be erected by applause, for this way of conducting themselves, than discouraged.—For *virtue* and *vice* being at perpetual enmity, and watching each other's passes and movements, poor frail mortals have, along with the most

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salutary

salutary prescriptions from the great Physician of us all, still further need of consolation and cordials to sweeten the bitters of life, and invigorate them in the virtuous and manly contention.

Why then should we thus labour to dishearten each other? and why should we thus unnerve the energy of the soul?—Should the scantiness of wages be insisted upon, which, from the present enhancement of provisions, it is, I fear, in too many instances but fair to admit; (but let us hope for better times—see *peace* approaching!) yet we are told able artificers, and laborious active men can, in general, resort to valuable resources, and earn good wages. But we should not forget to put into the opposite scale, the many peculiar and permanent advantages, which the many, either in their own, or in the persons of their children, or friends, are constantly enjoying from the liberality and charity of this great city and kingdom at large. We should not, I say, forget such later, and glorious acts of Charity, as are patronized by the rich, the great, and other worthy characters—such acts, accompanied with those of a more ancient establishment,

establishment, as will ennoble the British name to the latest posterity!

When we appear not sufficiently attentive to discriminate character and worth from a false claim to both; and thus, by a tincture of prejudice, which introduces the same delusion into the *mental*, as the jaundice does into the *visual* optic, betray ourselves into mistakes, and a too censorious temper of mind, which, it is contended once again, is not only unfair, but, in such a city as London, dangerous in the extreme, particularly in these days of ebullition: being well-appriized how perilous, and how infamous it would be to hazard the public tranquillity; admiring true patriotism, or even moderate advances to it, and rational freedom; but alarmed at the too animated harangues of sanguinary declaimers (where is the man of that happy temperature who can, in the true spirit of Philosophy, bid—"Thus far shalt thou go,—and no further?" Patriotism itself has erred, and may yet err) I deem it a duty, after being cheered by the smiles of my friends, and erected with reasonable views, to step forward, and with openness and candour,



hold the mirror in a more pleasing direction; and, while I crave the attention of all descriptions of men, I will endeavour, consistently with truth, to do away some parts of the uncomely proportions, which appear most prominent in the great portraiture, the very beauties of which are enhanced by its partial deficiencies.

I mean to be concise in this endless range of controversy, to which a disengaged hour invited me, and say, "Would we but turn our attention from wavering Proteus-like politics, to facts pregnant with grandeur, registered in legible characters in Heaven,—yes, to the many ennobling and permanent establishments of this great, shall I add,—this rich—this yet glorious Metropolis, and of the kingdom at large, we could not well fail to reverence at once, most of the constituent parts of our happy constitution, and great individual worth, the living pillars of this constitution,—the *King* and his *Parliaments*.—Yes, who can behold the *hospitals*, the *infirmaries*, the *asylums*, the *alms-houses*? Who that has not forgotten the two late great subscriptions, set on foot for the avowed design of comforting, and removing

removing the wants of, those who were ready to perish; not to mention the repeated donations which the blessed hand of munificence continues to pour into the lap of the indigent, would not be lavish rather of their praises than invectives?

I hear you reply, we admit the force of this conclusion, but an investigation after political truths, after rational freedom, and our wishes for a policy on a fairer and broader basis, bid us look forward, and break the feeble barrier that separates us from the great object which we have a nearer view of, and after which we have been long and constantly pursuing.—Go on, say we, and prosper, if it be the work of Heaven! But, mark! the heart of man is very deceitful, even to him that should be its master! How often do we go off in pursuit of one object, and end with another! It is no new thing to aim at popularity through a thirst after ambition! How often, too, have we hugged and repeated the laudable wish, “O! were but our wants supplied, and our hopes cherished; and were we but in possession of so much, or so much! See us grow rich! View us not satisfied!”

But to return to the picture which I was drawing,—nay, rather which is already drawn, and only waits to be handsomely presented!—I say then, shew me the man,—the fellow, I mean, who can feast upon the national honour displayed throughout the British empire, in the numerous instances of *charity-schools*, particularly those of the last establishment, which seem to human appearance the last great effort of rational advances in that way,—I mean the Sunday-schools, which stand forth on the Sabbath-days, as pictures set in gold upon galleries, the delight of *men*, the admiration of *angels*, and without emotion, can be content to brook the censures of those, who employ more than common industry in exposing, what may not perhaps improperly be termed our *weak side*, but are not generous enough to point out to those ignorant of nature, in what manner, and by what channels, the overflowings of the Ocean swell the rivers, and how the rivers communicate their friendly streams, though not seen by every one, to the most distant brooks; but give evidence of their intentions to influence the weak and hasty concluders, and prejudice the partially informed,

Now,



Now, as neither the principals nor their adherents have had a long round of experience to decide upon the eligibility of amendments, which a delusive *novelty* too often invites us to caress, we will decline being tedious, and pass on with remarking, although we were, some time ago, flattered by a great political reformer,\* with his ample provisions for *age* and *youth*; yet would he but have informed himself how much the active finew of industry was daily at stretch on the one hand, and what resources are drawn from the opulent and charitable on the other, for the humane purpose of pillowing the head and alleviating the wants of the former; and how wishfully the sons of science, awakened by the munificence of individuals, as well as animated, I trust, with the best prospects and sentiments of their own, were and are still ready to welcome the ignorant and unlettered to their schools of information and good manners: he here, at least, with those of later date, who appear too deeply tinctured with the same principles, allured by the awful voice of truth, modifying their sentiments,

\* Paine.

and

and changing their language, might find a fruitful subject for admiration and praise !

And it would be well, would those who possess able abilities, have the good sense to employ them rather in abating, than in fermenting the passions and affections of their weaker brethren.

And if the generous sons of Britain have not begun at the right end of the question, to introduce their children to the most complete modes of happiness, by instructing their ignorant—yes, by giving them the bread of life,—*spiritual food* ; and taking by the hand the outcasts and the most abandoned of the earth, and consequently opened a door to rational and probationary freedom for the rising generation : then we here, at least, disclaim all pretensions to a fair way of collecting truth through a rational medium. Do you judge me an enemy to the great cause of Liberty ? By no means ; I am, most certainly, as deeply interested as the warmest advocates for it, if *rational Liberty* be their object ; but I would rather that we made a good use of that liberty which we now enjoy to a tolerable extent, than arrive, at our joint ex-  
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penſe and loſs, through carnage, at a greater degree of what not a few may miſcal liberty, and which we might—moſt probably, abuſe, and thus turn to our ſhame what we meant for our honour and happineſs; which unfortunate miſapplication of things is much to be lamented; and I would gladly perſuade myſelf, by this way of reaſoning, by this mediating method, I ſhall, in the end, prove its ſtrongeſt advocate.

Would we but turn our attention to the great purpoſes of the Sunday ſchools only, under due regulations, and would we but contemplate with compoſure the great deſign which is in ſome forwardneſs under the auſpices of the Rev. Rowland Hill, Doctor Haweis, the Rev. — Piercy, and other worthy characters, which is meant to tranſplant the irradiating beams of the Goſpel to one of the moſt ſouthern quarters of the globe, benighted, in the full effulgence of a powerful natural ſun, deprived of *rational freedom*, and the *day ſpring from on high*—we could hardly reſiſt exclaiming, theſe are confeſſedly great objects, objects more ennobling than thoſe which we are ſo eagerly in purſuit of;—theſe are glorious days indeed, with

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all our abuses ! There is just cause for us to tread warily. We value our native land too much to hazard dangerous experiments ;—the land of generous impulses, and rational improvements. The day too is fast approaching when a remedy will, by direction of his Majesty, be applied to our greatest grievance,—this *monopolizing* mean spirit, which grinds the face of the poor, and the industrious mechanic, and drives them to concert violent expedients. Neither let the poor, amidst the many substantial privileges they enjoy, which indeed they are apt to feel less sensibly from their present pressures, be drawn from their habits of industry to decide upon the fate of one of the finest empires in the world. They are not equal to form a rational judgment in those important affairs.—Yes, as politicians and arbiters of affairs, they are, it is too doubtful, unequal to the charge of an empire so diversified in its interests, and which holds intercourse with such a variety of distant nations ; and should, therefore, give every due and charitable allowance to those upon whom the important trust devolves, who, it is just to admit, are *far* from infallible ! As citizens at large, the middle class, and the poor  
of

of every description, claim, and are entitled to every mark of due attention from their superiors, whose wants are supplied by their joint industry. And it would, I am persuaded, argue a great share of prudence and tenderness, were men more cautious in their expressions, and less earnest in their endeavours to put those hearty, though, too often, improvident souls, out of temper with their humble and useful occupations, to which their own inclinations have drawn, and their duty submitted them.

Great folks, well fed, well cloathed, and nurtured in the sunshine of life, amidst ease, distinctions, and honours, are too apt, we fear, to presume upon what is accidental, and not real merit; but a nice observer will, by noticing, find that this false-estimating spirit of things, this misplaced notion, runs through the several ranks of men: a thirst after precedence and prerogative commences with the *cottager*, runs through numberless gradations, and terminates but in the *throne*. It is in the throne, however, precedence and prerogative fit with the best grace.

But to come up more closely to the drift of my design: we own the temper of the poor has, in no small degree, during this last year, been put to the test; and it would, I dare venture to contend, have been very pleasant, and a subject of sincere joy to every honest and unbribed heart, if matters could have been ordered otherwise. But would we but make a calm stand here, and recollect how much money has been subscribed, at no long intervals, by the bounty of individuals, for the express purpose of relieving the indigent, we might infer, and that most fairly, that these dispensations and trials (evils I dare not call them) have, in a greater or less proportion, fallen upon the *rich* and *great*, but more particularly upon the *middle* class of society, and involved them too in the calamity, as in a common vortex. And as far as I am able, by retrospect, and from repeated instances before me, to collect, I find, by an inverse seemingly paradoxical proportion, more begets less, and less more; that is, the greatest earners too often feel unhappy in their progress through life, who having gotten more money than prudence, are improvident enough, in their days of profusion and inaction, to make a sacrifice of

both



both at once; thus, by this imprudent conduct, this quitting the post of honour in common life, the laborious poor, alas! too often arrive at, or are rather driven into that bleaky port of misery which makes the most courageous abject! Is his Majesty, are the rich, or any one else, to be blamed for this? And, on the other hand, less earnings, well husbanded, prove in the end abundantly sufficient for the little purposes of a narrow sphere of useful actions, and of a virtuous life.—Yes, it is upon such a theatre as this, thousands, may we hope, by demeaning themselves peaceably under difficulties and under little oppressions, by bearing the yoke, and taking up the cross, have treasured up for themselves the most durable riches! Thus it is not all gold that glitters.—When we see a man of this model, from no great earnings, eat the bread of thankfulness, with temperance by his side, and quench his thirst within the bounds of moderation, who accounts little pressures no other than ballast to his vessel, which often wants a proper weight to keep her from heeling, and becoming the sport of the contending elements; we behold a subject of praise; and this man should, I think, rather be animated with  
rational

rational consolation, than allured from his humble tracts of industry, to intermeddle in matters far beyond his homely and weak apprehensions.

It is insisted that the *Negro* slaves experience a less severe bondage than the laborious poor of this city and island. Now, I humbly contend, that hope (to name nothing else) being at the bottom, the great spring of action, has, by far, a fuller scope with our countrymen, since they in general reap the fruits of their extraordinary exertions. More work, more wages—The heavier the load, the better the portorage. And here I judge that it will not be impertinent to come nigher the mark, by putting the question, is it reasonable that the mere labourer, whose wages are certain, and who has little or nothing at stake, should share in precarious profits in so ample a degree as might, at first sight, be expected, when we consider that his employer is the adventurer, who most likely has been at considerable expences in putting the wheel in motion, which gives bread to thousands, and who is perpetually risking, and, of course, his profits should be such as will enable him to cope with a number of hazards?

zards? This, we trust, is not an irrational way of accounting for the seemingly great disproportion that reigns in the world between the labourer and his employer. And may I be permitted to hazard a remark, which, I hope, will convey a moderate degree of conviction to the chafed spirits of the lower class of society, which is this: the reason why they, under the present great pressure, do not experience an advance of wages, proportioned to the enhanced price of the necessaries of life, may, with some plea of justice, be this: that many of their employers, themselves, feel this dearth of provisions bearing so hard upon them, that, with some defalcations in trade, they too begin to cry out; so that this grievance is become a common one, excepting the avaricious few, with their *monopolizing* brethren—these sons of unrighteous *mammon*, who grow rich at the expense of their brethren—grow rich, said I,—nay, grow poor, at the expense of those who disclaim all tender ties and relationship with men of this stamp, whose petty self-interests mean certainly to lord it over us, and have made them forget that we were not born for *ourselves* alone, but for our *country*. And if they still have a thirst after *monopolizing*



*polishing*—let them open the enraged locks of their groaning granaries, and thus become truly rich by *monopolising*—nay, rather by *engrossing* the affections of those around them. This would be a triumph, indeed, beyond the power of the narrow, self-interested, old-fashioned, *monopolising* spirit, ever to attain!—This is worthy a serious thought,

I now beg leave to observe, as the poor, improvident souls! whose cause claims every due attention and indulgence, on account of this trying occasion,—this yet enhanced price of the necessaries of life, too often prove the worst economists; now would but the *monopolists* turn liberal, (which is not impossible) or the *rich* and the *charitable* continue, as lately, to step forward as their faithful almoners, in the day of distress; what expedient can, I ask, be adopted more laudable to themselves, and more beneficial to the improvident, who is next door to the indigent? Is not this a good and prudent way of paying up their arrears in wages, if there were any? Is not this a grand *salvo*? Is it not here sound and Christian *policy*? Is not this a good thrift-

*thrift-box*, which sends forth revenue without putting aught into it? What *scheme* or what *routine* is preferable to this? I repeat it:—it is not all gain that is pocketed. Add to this—there are good and regular provisions secured to poor objects by the laws in ordinary, and even in some extraordinary cases, should they be so unfortunate as to sink under their burthens in the great warfare of life: and if the beneficent hand of Charity reach itself out in the day of want, and in unforeseen pressures, is not this highly meritorious? And does not this too lay open a fine field for charity and humanity to range in! which being not fettered in all instances, this way delight themselves in doing good, agreeably to the generous impulses of the heart, beyond the letter of the national laws! and by this avenue left open, are they enabled to give solid proofs of their superior merits. And who will not say, when he views the objects with the eye of reason, that this will secure such a triumph in common life as it is not in the power of the *victor*, decked with laurels in his triumphant car, to command! By such mild but powerful weapons may a man gain unsfading lau-  
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rels,

rels, without bloodshed, and without the concomitant evils of war!

O! may you whose diffusive charity has learnt to glow, and warm unknown, and, perhaps, unworthy objects,—still may you enjoy the smiles of Heaven! may your gladsome storehouses never fail; and still, as your wealth increases, may your views grow more extended—your humanity more enlarged!—Yes, be kind to the poor!

Thus greatly enriched! thus doubly ennobled! what is title? what is pageantry, put in competition with this triumph?

And may you who are in the dawn of humanity, charity and generous impulses, press forward with a manly career, and in this greatest and most laudable of all rivalships, take the lead, or, at least, bear company, and take a part in this ennobling strife.

It has long been your triumph, ye generous Britons, but particularly I address you, ye liberal



ral sons of this great ~~metropolis~~, to make the poor comfortable. Still go on by your unabating kindneſſes, and ſuperior opportunities, to give the ſureſt teſts of an enlarged ſoul! Heaven will reſtore ſeven-fold!

And ye poor, the only return I hear your generous benefactors claim, is ſimply *this*:—Be *grateful*; be not *forgetful*! (*What!!* wouldſt thou—couldſt thou dare to ſtab the generous heart? O! Heavens!—Monſtrous ingratitude!) Whoever wiſhes to have benefactors upon eaſier terms than theſe, deſerves to forfeit them!

I am perſuaded it will not be foreign to my argument to ſtate, as it borders upon the truth, would but parties lay up in ſtore the earnings of their days of manly vigour, before they enter into engagements for life, they would, beyond a doubt, ſee their future proſpects, in their advances on the ſtage of the world, open with a different view, and wear a more gladſome complexion: and children, with this proviſion of their parents, inſtead of being what they have been rather too harmly called—a *cuſe*, would then,

we hope, prove, what they ought to be—a *blessing*.

Here I am inclined to open a fresh field and wide range for animadversion, from hearing those engines called *curfed instruments*,—those means, which, while we lament, we are, by a painful necessity, too often obliged to employ, as our *dernier resort*, in vindicating our common honour, in asserting our common rights, and in securing to ourselves and posterity one common and dearest interest. But we do not, from what I have heard, take up our time in reprobating in pointed language the very barbarous and doubly unnatural use our kind and *sans culotte* neighbours, the French, have been pleased to make of these dreadful instruments. *We* only appear to act inconsistently.—*We*, I suppose, killed their Sovereign ;—*we* provoked the war. In our pursuing after, and in the establishment of *popular Liberty*, *rational Liberty* too often falls prostrate, and becomes the great sacrifice! *O Liberty!*—enchanted found! we are all aiming to approach, and engrasp thee, though not quite through the same medium. This makes us violent ;

lent: it is this that makes us unloose the hitherto pleasing bonds of brotherly love. O! might we, the friends of both parties, advise, let each give ground a little; draw a line; look friendly; shake hands; and lost be all party names for ever in one common interest!

Heaven second, Heaven forward the prayer of thy humble although unworthy votary! O! send us *Peace*, with healing under her wings!

Whose feelings do not, in their sober moments, revolt at the slaughter of his fellow-creatures, and at the horrors of war; which great infliction is, no doubt, sent by Divine Permission as a national corrective?

What heart, too, does not sympathize, in its more feeble blaze of humanity, with all *philanthropists*, in this painful—this fatal necessity—but, we ask, what experience has not taught us that we will not draw the cord tighter, by slackening the sinews of the very necessity itself, and thus ingloriously divert our prowess from the timely means of redress. This is laying our bows



foms needlessly open—this is keeping our swords  
 drawn in the face of an enraged foe, without  
 teaching them moderation, and without serving  
 our country—this is drawing resources from our  
 fellow-citizens, without securing to them the  
 blessings of a permanent and honourable peace.  
 We must not stand inactive and careless, my  
 brave countrymen, but particularly you who  
 have called Heaven to witness your higher obli-  
 gation to serve your *King* and your *Country*. We  
 do not mistrust your fidelity and allegiance, ye  
 brave *soldiery*! and, therefore, dare not offend  
 you, by telling you *how* to answer those who  
 may be disloyal enough to aim at corrupting  
 you. There, indeed, is a painful suspense  
 where moderation itself is puzzled in the al-  
 ternative—But action, my fellow-citizens, is re-  
 quired—we must resort to expedients. It is  
 worthy our attention, that vigorous measures,  
 although we cannot deny that they draw a vast  
 train of expenses along with them, have rarely  
 failed in bringing our affairs soonest to a favour-  
 able issue, and in mooring our vessel in the ha-  
 ven of desirable repose, and in opening a free,  
 and, most probably, a fresh avenue, to a rich  
 com-

commercial harvest, which is communicated by different channels to all the various ranks of men.

And must I, in this place, beg leave to turn to the inattentive and the badly-informed? and say, When ye behold the active Sons of Commerce bid their vessels swell their sails, plough the briny deep, buffet the swelling surges, and convey our superfluities to foreign climes, and import useful merchandise; when ye behold individuals, after, or even amidst the clashing of weapons and the din of war, spurred to action from private views, awake to new life, and more liberal sentiments, and employ suitable means of acquiring wealth—it is *then* ye may account for many of the most useful and ennobling establishments of the great metropolis, and other places of the kingdom—it is *then* ye may feel your comforts springing from the success of private adventurers—it is *then*, too, ye see the Constitution itself grow more formidable; and from the greatness of the one, see! the security of the other. How happy, then, and, indeed, how affected, too, ought we to be at the thought,

thought, in its due extent! Is not this a subject that challenges at once our admiration and praise!

Here let us make a judicious pause, and go on further remarking—Let Truth, who is a near relation to sound Policy, when embarrassed, employ a double degree of energy, unfurl her canvas, and bear us through the impetuous tide of jarring elements.

What! shall we prove inferior to the *old Romans*, who, in the very face of the greatest impending calamities, on the terrific approaches of the *Galli Senones*, and after, nay, amidst the haughty and almost incredible strides of *Annibal*, that sworn enemy of the Romans, through wounds, and through defeats, rose greatly superior to the greatest disasters, excepting those introduced by their own dissensions, and their own folly? What! shall we fall prostrate in the hour of this painful trial, and thus, at last, forfeit that epithet which *cowards* like to assume, the epithet *brave*; and, at the same time, tamely resign the enlarged views and interests of this  
great



great commercial nation, which grows great and rich from well-fought battles, and from honourable peace. Whenever we lose sight of this public object, this great national good which grows out of good policy, it is then the meridian blaze, the boasted honour of BRITAIN hastens to wane, and ceases to cheer.

Here we make bold to observe to sanguine politicians, we are not without our apprehensions, that were they let loose in the wide field of *meliorization*, they would, upon trial, find no small difficulty and embarrassment, when they came to mark the boundary of nice discrimination; and the reformers, though great in the habits of declaiming, would feel puzzled what rout to pursue in the painful intricacies of political labyrinths, and multiform arrangements;—in uniting, in a tolerable degree, jarring interests, and social affections, by the bonds of reciprocation.

Had I not myself seen, and too often, alas! experienced confusion upon a theatre, almost a million times less than this, I should have

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been

been drawn but with difficulty into this cooler, and, I trust, this reasonable way of thinking and arguing.—This mode of placing *truth* between the extremes.

And see! too, how many years the French (whom some of us are almost inclined to copy) have been at bloody work, and a thousand times at loggerheads in their tumultuous assemblies, and a thousand times puzzled in re-making, mending, and dressing their *political clock*, and re-tuning their, I think they call it, *political organ*. It had been more artificer-like, I think, had they either learned to make a *new* clock, or dress the *old* one, before they had taken it in pieces.

Now from this we would be apt to conclude that deranged politics, like deranged animal functions, introduce a melancholy train of evils and maladies, which none but the Great State-physician from above can remedy! And, perhaps, for want of this timely appeal to that Being, who can confound the wisdom of the *wise*, and defeat the stratagems of the *crafty*, *we*, not to say the *French*, have experienced unexpected

pected and heavy disasters, from coming in hostile contact with this warring nation, which has so often laid heavy taxes upon brave industrious Britons. Yes, the French—the *perfidious* French have wantonly heretofore provoked to war—have soaked and fattened the blushing and gluttoned Continent with their own brave fellows, and braver *British* youths.—They have repeatedly taxed us, by urging us to prosecute vigorous measures, which have brought distress and *extra* burthens upon us. *Duly weigh this remark.*—But let us not grow too warm or hostile to the views of those, who have been engaged, we trust, in a virtuous struggle.—Yet we have to lament these dreadful resorts, and must deprecate such painful alternatives !

But to return :—It is, in short, and in fact, no common share of prudence, that must be unremittingly exercised to keep all interests alive—all parties in countenance, and thus aim at gratifying selfishness, and at deafening the clamors arising from ill-temper and party-rancour.—Neither is it possible, in the present posture of the human heart, nor is it necessary. “ *A city that is built on a hill cannot be hid.*” This true remark,



while it ought to be a stimulating *memento* to the great and elevated, should lead us to exercise extreme candor and wariness in our censures. "Judge not rashly." Pre-eminence itself is envied. Great abilities have to expect rivals moving nigh or within their own sphere. And who can divine what baneful influences may not be shed around us, should Time, on his fleeting axis, bring two primary comets into contact: or even a *primary* and *secondary* one. It is here, *monarchy*, like the radiant beams of the sun, was meant to diffuse his superior heat and splendor, and make the feebler planets hide their diminished heads. *This* removes the planetary strife—*This* quashes the rivalry of the *grandeers*.

Men, having passions and prejudices to combat, are often too sanguine, often censorious, frequently impatient, frequently unstable and unreasonable: in the midst of the sunshine of *peace*, —we see *war*: When we feel the woeful effects of war, we clamour for peace!—We blame our rulers—our rulers are fallible!

• If we attend to parties,—all parties, it is too doubtful, err in a certain degree, are extravagant, bounding beyond the mark. Now some having got the lead of others in the outset of life, from accident, as to themselves, will of course, make a virtue of the struggle in the day of competition for precedence, and hardly recede from their first position, being intrenched behind *charters* and *privileges*.—This indeed is natural—we may expect it—we all are selfish. The *rich* and the *great*, upon whom the poor seem to depend, and are not unfrequently nurtured by their fostering hands in the day of distress, forgetful of the nice reciprocity of the social compact, may, it is not improbable, insist upon too great a portion of precedence. Add to this, they may, now and then, appear arrogant, and sometimes may bear down hard upon us. But dare we, on our parts, declare that we have not made a rod for our own backs; or, at least, deserved some part of this treatment!

Thus circumstanced, amidst good things, and what we account less so, amidst blessings and afflictions, amidst calms and tempests, amidst the  
 summers

summers and winters of life, let us, my brave countrymen, each keep his post of honour (avaunt the intruding rebel thought!) collect the great engines of the soul—defend the fortress—yes, of two evils, may I advise, let us choose the less; nor may we, while busied in establishing a new order, in men, manners, and things; and aiming at bettering our own, and the fortune of the public, miss the mark, nor frustrate the great aim, if avowedly good.

It must, however, be confessed, that great credit was due to the peaceable demeanor of those who, some weeks ago, assembled in the vicinity of the Metropolis (may they keep stable to, nor lose sight of, their own professions, nor urge measures beyond the bounds of due subordination) although I could not help thinking, the language of the speakers was tinged with rather too much gall, and over copious with its torrent of aspersions. This, most likely, is one of the last resorts to men in extremities. And men too, under animating views and impressions, are not always, may we remark, under their own control.—They utter inflammatory expressions, which



which cooler moments disclaim and correct. A man may be extravagant in a good cause. We should then be modest and temperate in our harangues, and in our appeals to the people, who too often cease, or else forget to weigh in a fair balance, and duly attend to consequences; who, in general, are little enabled to arrive at the naked truth, from their imperfect way of tracing effects to their just causes: who are perpetually grasping at new objects, if they do but present a promising appearance. Let us learn our votaries the true modes of happiness, by each man beginning the great work of reform under his own roof: this is the right method, we humbly presume, to encompass at once, our *freedom* and our *happiness*.—Yes—let us turn backwards over the leaf, and learn this good lesson—let us learn to be *grateful*. Let those, at least, who see their own families and relations gladsofely feasting upon the liberality of kind individuals, stop *their* mouths, cease *their* tumultous clamours, and forget not to be grateful.—This is a necessary step—this is mostly practised with success. Yes—I am persuaded, this will go farther to effect this desirable purpose, than fiery exaggerating language

—it

—it will entitle us to future countenance, and fresh favours; and it would be well would we employ due address in winning over by humility, and good offices, those whom we are not in a situation to overawe by an ill-timed attack, or bend by an imperious incivility. And, quitting the intricate lessons of politics, which, if they make us more knowing, render us, not unfrequently, less quiet—Lessons intricate to the ablest politicians and ministers, and which are far beyond our puny grasp! (although it be our misfortune that we are too many of us become smatterers in politics)—such lessons, I say, as it is too well known, and not unreasonable to admit, will, in the nature of things, ever divide and clash with the bickering interests of some part of the community, whose pursuits, aims, and ends, are at perpetual strife:—let us, my brave fellow-citizens, laying aside politics, and availing party-squabbles, walk manfully by, and guard the person of our august and gracious Sovereign, that great Personage whom our island gladfomely hails, and heartily congratulates upon his late happy escape from the hands of violence; and bear down with manly vigour (if necessity bids us rally) each man in the

truly

truly great, because ultimately good cause—the cause of social peace and happiness. And may we presume to presage, this attack, like the former,\* will present another opportunity of shewing to this land, and the neighbouring nations, that our very seeming evils rouse us to more determined and arduous achievements, and serve only to attach us more closely to our King and Constitution. And, O gracious *Sovereign!* enthrone thyself, and continue but to reign in the hearts of thy *free-born* children, and thy children, though infants, will rear a gigantic arm in the defence of thy cause, and thy sacred person.—And let us, if possible, root out *faction* and *inaction*, the two deadly enemies of the state: and should our fleets cease a while, for the want of a foe, to display their valorous achievements, in this disastrous resort to arms: and our arms be, during a tedious suspension, baffled—perhaps tarnished, by blending interests, and joining issue, with selfish and perfidious allies—let us at home, at least, have the good sense to aim at remedying the evil, by setting a striking example of *unanimity*;

\* When Margaret Nicholson, that misguided lunatic, aimed a dagger at the royal breast.



and grow comfortable and happy, perhaps—*rich*, in spite of this system of our's, and in spite of those very laws, which we, forsooth, in vain enjoy; and in spite of a constitution, which we, in our over-heated zeal to keep inviolate, must step warily, lest we imprudently and rashly overthrow.

But we grow more serious when we have to remark, "Who has not, more or less, experienced in himself, this preposterous temper of aiming at regulations in domestic and social life, (not to mention *politics*) but has unfortunately neglected to begin with himself. The old "*Nosce teipsum—know thyself*," is a fine lesson, and should never be out of date. If this be not a good lesson, and replete with solid sense: if intestine broils and bloodshed be preferable to the amiable habits of peace and brotherly love;—if what we have heard, seen, and felt of this bloody system of French reform has not proved effectual to teach us moderation, and to join in a loyal phalanx:—then let the sober class of citizens gird on the sword, and let them lead on to violent measures, to such measures as will, no doubt, realize the pleasing phantom to every description of men, and the golden days

of

of *acorns*, of *crabs*, and *rude ferocity*, will, once more, gladden the plain, and at the same time teach us, without the language of rhetoric, to *live* without *working*, and *work* without *living*! *mere animal* life! *unenlightened* and *unadorned*. Hold:—this is exaggeration—say, rather, such measures, alas! as cannot fail, in the upshot, to ruin individuals, shame and destroy ourselves, (and certainly no wise man would make a wanton sacrifice of his life), entail misery upon our children, and thus tarnish the British annals with infamy, for our ingratitude, to the latest posterity; who, fired with shame, and agitated with an honest indignation, cannot resist remarking, “We disclaim being the posterity of those who thus ungratefully repaid thy generous sons, O! Britain, for taking thy *orphans* by the hand; for rearing thy *tenderlings*, and couching thy *outcasts*; for pillowing the head of thy *aged*, and preventing their wants; for teaching thy *ignorant*, and reclaiming thy *vicious* and *abandoned*; for healing thy *sick*, and curing thy *wounded*; for giving bread to thy *hungry*; for cloathing thy *naked*; for being *eyes* to thy *blind*, and *feet* to thy *lame*! *Glorious—generous ancestors!*”

It is asked, have the French done this for us? Nay—they have taxed us. Will the French do this for us?—Nay, they still, in the pursuit of their own aggrandizing interests, continue to tax us:—Yes, and by chaining effects to causes, and by arguing from consequences, you will find the French too have been among the causes of this enhanced price of provisions. Will their new system bring more healing under its wings—diffuse a more benign aspect over the face of the world, or open a prospect much more pleasant and cheering than this which I have endeavoured to present to your view?—Experience has not decided. Let us then, not as children, be tickled with novelty and fancies, although it must be confessed, they often set in with an impetuous current. I seem to hear posterity again resuming the remark, What! had you, in the very long enjoyment, ungrateful! forgotten the many grand and useful monuments of British munificence and liberality? Had you then no *hospitals*—no *infirmaries*? Were your *alms-houses* then unbuilt, or shut up? Where were your *asylums*—your numerous *charity-schools*, these most useful establishments? Where your *Sunday-schools*, the glory of that reign!



the last great work—the work of conspiring god-like souls !

We, indeed, stand amazed at your base ingratitude, while we view you through this shameful, this humiliating medium. What ! lift the ruffian arm against your brethren—your fellow-citizens—your benefactors ! The price of provisions was great, we read, and own ; but it was a transient grievance : but these are daily—these are permanent—these are ennobling monuments, more lasting than brass, or the stately Egyptian pyramids ! And were they not the joint donations of the rich, the good, and the great ? Neither do we find that the interests of those who had no votes (which, we see, felt unpleasant in the breasts of some) were much neglected, or materially injured, from a want of the universal privilege of electing members to serve in parliament.\*

Contemplating life, as we do, through a longer train of experience and precedents than our ancestors, we dictate—It was not meant that interests should not clash, that a sameness of opinion

\* It is contended *universal* suffrage would cut off the growth of corruption.

and

and sentiment should reign equally in every breast. It was not meant that probationers should be put into all the means of happiness;—should have all the merits of the man and the Christian—all the modes of trial and forbearance done away;—but only put to the *ordeal*, by winnowing it through this medium—this, at first sight, seemingly chance-medley state. Were it not for this œconomy of Providence, Virtue would then lose her name, or cease to exist—would be no more useful than a rusty sword asleep in its faithful scabbard. There would then be a manifest deficiency, and chasm in the moral agency of the world. It is by different modes of acting man grows brilliant, or less so—displays the *hero*, or shrinks into a *coward*; and whilst he assumes the *patriot*, ruins his *country*; or by a matchless effort of well-tempered zeal, does a laudable service to the public interest, without imbruing his hands in the blood of his fellow-citizens. Your wars, we read, in this period, were alike, or, perhaps, more unpleasant, and more disastrous than some former contentions at arms. The American war was fraught with disgrace and great losses—Here we image to ourselves—fathers arming against children—and children levelling the unrelenting tube and blood-hound-

hound-staunch engines of destruction, against, alas!—their parents! But who bade the French interfere, aggravate the scene, and heighten your expenses, by fomenting the quarrel, and by protracting the war? Did they mean to ruin us by overloading us with taxes? We see *them* almost ruined—we see *you* growing rich and great, from improving at the expense of your very losses. We feel too the merciful *manes* of your slaughtered sons appeased, when we read how vilely their *Lewis* was insulted, how basely degraded, and how charitably he died! How his grandees were butchered, his nation weltering in their gore, and their streets dyed with blood! How faction and terror rode at the helm, and over-awed the nation into a slavish obedience. But we read with amazement, distracted and seemingly nerveless counsels protruding active warriors into the field of battle. But *Terror* was the watch-word—*Terror* was the order of the day—*Terror* bade them fight—and *Terror* made them victorious. This proved a critical æra to poor generous old Britain! While she was generously providing for the poor emigrant sons of France, and receiving them into her lap, she was disconcerted



certed by foreign distorted knavish politics, which baffled all human providence. Fearful and selfish allies bartered their honesty, and their honour; yet ENGLAND, amidst the great sacrifices, rode out the storm, arose with fresh splendour, like the *phœnix* from her ashes, and proved great, once more, after all her expenses! Yes, we see commerce spread her canvas—trade flourish—a nation smile, and the rude and disloyal, changing their tone, hail their sovereign with—*God save the king!*

The year 1795, it appears, proved a doubly trying one: but here we are further instructed by the impartial pen, thy generous sons, O! BRITAIN, proved the warmth of their hearts by an active sympathy. What ample and prudent provision does not the historic page recount to us, and all for the sole purpose of making the poor comfortable, and feeding the hungry with good things! The store-houses of Heaven are never empty! although it may not be fit (so wills an eternally wise and good Providence!) that they should always be open. Who dare say he has not deserved a check? Who has not misused blessings—the  
blessings

blessings of bread ? Let us then be calm a little longer, from a sense of our own unworthiness, if from nothing else. Let this consideration teach us to profit from this present visitation and trial, which arouse the energy of the soul, and which may spring from a complication of causes. Heaven too, no doubt, will, in his good and due time, reinstate us in the ample enjoyment of such comforts and such blessings as will be most fitting for our good, and his honour. Plenty of corn and plenty of wine are but too apt to slacken the sinews of industry—make the industrious indolent—the indolent wanton, and thus do we, too often, alas ! forget the hand that bestowed them. Reasoning this way, and viewing the present necessity through this medium, see us eventually improving this into an useful lesson, which may instruct us how to draw down future comforts, and further permanent blessings upon us. We see this observation please the rational—we see the rational influence the rude, the violent, and less informed—we see the Almighty glorified in the day of his wrath, in his more severe dispensations !

I

We

We blame our kings. If kings were responsible for the sometimes fatal consequences arising from inferior magistrates, or their inconstant subjects, who too often decry those very laws, and that happy form of government under which they might live in peace and plenty, could they but make a due estimate of some painful trials:—who would, then, be king? Who would, then, guide the helm? There are some advantages so palpable, that we cannot well resist feeling them pretty distinctly. Who does not pay willingly for a good road? Who would not pay to be sheltered from a storm, or an hurricane? What would not one of our seamen, brave and hardy as they are, resign, by way of sacrifice, to be at port in safety, when the welkin growls, the waves roar, and the billows dash; when the elements in confusion are mixed, appalled and aghast he stands, expecting Death in his most dreadful array!—What would not this poor distressed mortal give in exchange for his present convulsed situation? How willingly would he meet, and move on with the common evils, and less rubs and calamities of life? And who  
would



would not then, or, rather, who ought not, pay taxes freely, to be secured in his person and property, and in a variety of the desirable enjoyments of this life? In all other cases, it is held reasonable and just to pay private men for services done; and, consequently, would it not be extremely unreasonable, in the nature of things, to expect our gracious Sovereign should employ his paternal care for the happiness and security of his people, but in a way analogous to this.—(Resources must be drawn from the people, for their common defence.) We cry out, we pay heavy taxes, to uphold government.—Granted. But would we but duly consider that these taxes return to us by the various channels of distributive justice, like the essence of matter sublimated and volatilised by the elaborate process of the ingenious chemist; or like muddy water, filtered through the crevices of the earth, purged and refined—did we, I say, but duly consider how these taxes revert to us by the various channels of that justice, by whose impartial and decisive awards, and her determined and vigorous services, we are happily secured in our properties and persons, and in a great many the most plea-

sing endearments of social and domestic life, we should then stand convinced, through the force of fair argumentation, and wonder at our unreasonableness.—To uphold government is, in fact, to uphold ourselves.

It is most evident, from the holy Scriptures, which carry incontestable authority and evidence along with them, and which cannot err, as being founded on unerring truth, that we are in conscience and in duty bound, as Christians, and as members of the body politic, to maintain and nourish our rulers, who, in their turn, should guarantee our security by their paternal care, and by this happy form of government, which we, at this alarming crisis, ought cautiously and anxiously to watch over, and which (although perhaps many do not know it) has been purchased to us with great and repeated struggles, and not without much effusion of human blood.

We can now lie down in safety and take our repose, secured in our persons and properties.—We can arise to the sober enjoyment of peace and plenty, excepting such as are defeated of these

these desirable blessings, by a misapplication of the requisites adapted to secure them. We are now in the full and ample possession of our most holy religion, whose service alone constitutes our most unbounded and perfect freedom. Nay the little busy warbling sons of the forest glade arrest our not unwilling ears, and hail us the children of freedom and of plenty—a freedom founded on reason—and a plenty, the result of industry. Arts and sciences, too, have long been making rapid advances to superior degrees of attainment: does this not argue—more than argue, the happy conclusions drawn from our form of government?—unless arts and sciences in progress be deemed progressive evils.

Let us not, then, my countrymen, be too much discouraged with present pressures, and some untoward events; but, for the sake of the *better*, let us make a virtuous necessity of the *worse*. It is not fair to argue upon the present aspect of affairs in one instance, and not in another. Plenty and freedom, it may be contended, are checked—and upon the wane—*Hope* whispers, a little time will, most probably, do away  
both



both these grievances, which alarm a great mass of people. Heaven grant it!

There are some, we fear, who are captious to a fault, and appear too much devoted to casting characters and the aspect of affairs into the shade, or back ground. Men of this cast would, I fear, prove unfaithful historians. We are too apt to impute unto ministers our calamities. Can ministers overawe Providence—can ministers, or even *kings*, direct, much less counteract, the decrees and scheme of Providence?—Let us balance fairly. See, then, we impute unto ministers the impetuous tide of commerce, which, not long ago, flowed in from the most remote regions of the known world. With this wide-extended, enriching, commercial intercourse, you must, (such is the nature of men and things,) expect rivals—these rivals press upon, and defeat your interests—it is then you call for, and appeal to arms—*Painful necessity! Fatal alternative!* Let us impute, too, unto ministers (whoever they be) our usually pleasing—animating hurry of trade, and the blessings of, we hope, an approaching peace—*joyful sound!* But may not the

the Almighty Sovereign of the world still behold in us some things very defective, some things very culpable, and, alas! not a few of us very criminal, although Britain be, in general, a brave and generous nation; and may not the all-wise Disposer of events—the Father of mercies, this way wish to chastise that people whom he ceases not to love. Let us, then, my countrymen, reason coolly and rationally, in the face of this trial, and have the address to draw a virtue from the present necessity.

Though in the *metropolis*, and in the face of royalty, we will, because a friend to his Majesty, and a well-wisher to his peaceable subjects, deal, and, we hope, have dealt, with plainness and honest candour, because these will be found, in the end, to be, in general, the best weapons—we will wave complimenting his Majesty upon the acquisition of any private virtues, which, we believe, are not in common to all princes; however, we must confess, that we felt deeply impressed, and, indeed, afflicted, from being an eye-witness to that marked *indecorous* indignity, which the *rude* and *unthinking*—perhaps

haps, the *malevolent*, so lavishly bestowed on a *great*—yes, and we have been taught to call him, a *worthy personage*. We trust it will not be constructive treason to respect our sovereign, who has, at this critical time, the weighty charge of Monarchy to bear—Monarchy, which has prevailed in early ages of the world, and even under but indifferent kings has not failed to produce salutary effects; and perhaps our mixed and refined mode of government is one of the best in the world: happy might we be, were we duly sensible of this!

But should some guardian divinity inspire royalty with such sentiments as these—*Peace!* my misguided, though, we trust, well-meaning sons: There are still those in our realm who think our government *paternal*;—there are those, too, who make a virtue of good order, and dread those evils, which others, through the force of delusion, seem to invite.—The *great* and *good*, the *philosopher* and the *divine*, whose discerning eye can read events in their infancy, foresee and deprecate those measures which some have dared to foster. Long have we viewed with grief and anxiety,



anxiety, long have we lamented the growing evils of this our hereditary realm, long have we laboured to make you comfortable and happy. What laws have we not enacted to improve the body politic? What laws, too, would we not, consistently with the public good, repeal, at once to gratify and to ease you? What day has shone that hath not brought its portion of care for your security, your prosperity, and your happiness.—Our counsels, it is true, as being fallible, have not always succeeded.—The *American war*, we grant, by a certain subtle and refined policy abroad, on one hand, and by too great a presumption on the arm of flesh at home, and a reprehensible and disloyal backwardness on the other, unfortunately incurred an *extra* load of taxes.—But who does willingly resign his patrimony? To what wranglings, vexation, and animosities, are not our courts of judicature subjected almost every day, for sometimes *mere trifles*—much more for a *patrimony*; and who, then, would, but with great reluctance, and not without a fair struggle, have relinquished so ample a possession, as my *American patrimony*? Let each private man consult his own heart, and

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try

try the temper of his own mind. No human foresight can decide upon those painful resorts, and those issues at arms—Was it not deemed necessary in this war to correct the distempered habits and dangerous impetus of the *French*, whose views appeared immoderate, and principles too licentious.—The issue will, we trust, afford a cheering ray to our loyal subjects.

At length, however, wearied out with state affairs, grieved at the inconsistency of men, and sick of the contingencies of wavering politics—henceforth we disclaim royalty, *painful pre-eminence*!—be done away state splendour and the brilliancy attached to majesty—Henceforward we court the walks of private life—Revert ye taxes to the majesty of the people—My worthy officers of each department of the state, we have no need of your future services—Ye stately ships of war, the late great bulwark of our realm, ride ye idly at anchor, or become the sport of conflicting elements—Taxes are remitted. All men are free from their allegiance. Let each man devise schemes of protecting himself.

Should

Should royalty, I say, under the force of this impression, and in the moments of despondency, abandon government, and state affairs, to what fatal calamities might not we be too justly devoted! And if, when we pay those taxes, which some are too apt but with reluctance to pay, we with difficulty secure ourselves from powerful combinations; what might not we justly expect, should we be hardy enough to aim at withholding them? With the same colour of justice might those who insure their property resist the claims of, and withhold their respective quotas from the insurance-office, as withhold their fair proportion from government,—government which secures to them more than their property—their lives. And as well may we persuade ourselves that the animal œconomy can exist and keep its proper tone, without regular supply; as government should give health and vigour to the body politic, if not duly replenished from its proper fountain. And as well may we blasphemously arraign the all-wise dispensations of Heaven itself, whose laws, although they be founded upon the unerring decrees of justice and eternal truth, are but badly accommodated to the too sanguine



and sometimes unreasonable expectations of some men; as blame our gracious Sovereign, whose salutary laws furnish to us the fairest opportunities of becoming not only great, but happy; and not only happy ourselves, but, by a great variety of ways, of furnishing modes of happiness to those around us.

While untutored *Indians* delight to gash and scalp: while the swarthy sons of Africa lead an idle, roaming, predatory life: while the Dutch, ever vigilant, ever plodding, are more than sufficiently laborious in their enriching schemes of industry, and incessantly ply the sturdy oar: while Spain, majestically indolent, piques herself on idle parade: while France, in her very moments of conquest, overheated and distracted, may meet with a reverse of fortune (who is apt to desert those that abuse her favours, and urge her too far): while ferocious savages poize the ax, and level it at the head of their aged parents—Let it be our common strife and boast, ye sons of a brave ancestry, to keep alive the polish and energy of the soul, and outrival one another in sober, but loyal marks of attachment to our

gra-

gracious Sovereign, which is to honour him in the first instance; and gloriously shed our blood in defence of our happy constitution, with which our happiness and prosperity are so firmly connected;—a constitution, the diffusive comforts of which we would, I am persuaded, know better how to value, were we, but for awhile, put out of the possession of them.

What consternation were we not under, some years ago, when the combined fleets of France and Spain, like prowling wolves, or rapacious vultures, were hovering around us, and ready to make us a prey to their insatiate maws!

If I should bring in review such characters as those of a NERO, a CALIGULA, or even some of our own kings, where you would see rapine and murder, scenes of folly, and all the horrors of madness, heightening the picture of human deformity, and serving at once to blacken the historic page, and teach posterity to value—*highly value* princes of a milder and more temperate aspect; you would then not fail exclaiming—*Shall we*, in the ample enjoyment of substantial privileges,

leges, and in the possession of a constitution, which has stood our ancestors at so high a price; *shall we* rudely and barbarously spurn these privileges from us, and invite *Old Chaos* to return, and bid *Anarchy*, with his meagre train, stalk through the land; and this, too, in the reign of a prince, whose softer virtues are happily combined to heighten the graces of the throne—a *Prince*, whose virtues are, perhaps, by few more eclipsed than by those of his Royal Consort, our amiable Queen, the favourite of a free and happy people.

And if I should bid you look back upon that period, when the British matrons, with unanimous consent, and with hardy, though quivering gripe, laid hold of the knife or poignard, and, with murderous, bloody, and desperate effort, each woman butchered her unwelcome, intrusive Danish lord and task-master. In spite of religion, and in spite of the divine denunciations, such was their complicated misery,—a misery bordering upon phrenzy, that they, may we charitably judge, deemed it a meritorious necessity, to butcher these intruders upon, and these destroyers



stroyers of, all their social and domestic endearments—you would then stand aghast, although oppressed only in *idea* for their long past distressful and poignant calamity, and exclaim—*Blessed days are these, indeed!* (It is true, we have hardships to encounter, and wish to see some abuses corrected; but we will have patience a little longer.) Royalty, re-assume thy splendour. Ministry, prefer prudent schemes of taxation. Ye worthy officers of each department, and brave soldiery, awake to life and action—Ye stately ships of war, display your pendants, crowd your sails, and bid defiance to our foes.

Citizens! great, rich, but, particularly, poor, and of the lower class of society, reason coolly—infer fairly;—judge not but with the rule of precaution in one hand, and of candour in the other. Let the present pressure prove a trial—but not an evil. You know we are but *probationary pilgrims*—Cheer up, my *brothers*, and *fellows-citizens*, who are embarked with us in the great ocean of human life—*cheer up*—we see the land appear—See, too, a calm haven to moor in!

Hear

Hear now, gracious Majesty, one of thy sympathizing subjects—Pardon this indignity of thy illiberal and rude people—thy sons, they groan under the weight of their burthens—they grow impatient—we hear loud complainings in our streets. Thy people, they are a great and numerous people—they pine for lack of bread—Stretch forth thy gracious and aiding arm and hand to this people, who are growing chafed and disloyal, for want of bread. Thy little ones, thy rising sons and subjects, they weep and moan, because they are straitened for *bread!* Thy people still wish for thy countenance—they still gladly would love thee—but coercive *self-love* and *self-preservation*, the two first great laws of nature, with their conjoint attractive and accelerated force, unteach them good manners—dash and cool the ardour of their affections; and the illiberal, knowing no mean, rush forward and drive on to shameful extremities!—Hearken, then, gracious Sovereign, to the prayers of thy numerous children—Thou art our common father.—(I hear—I see thee hearken.) This will secure to thee the empire not only of their persons, but of their hearts; and this is  
always

always the most formidable engine and most powerful bolt in the hands of Majesty---with this bolt see the enemy unfinewed and abashed---*see* thy reign glorious---*feel* thyself happy---*hear* thy sons---thy subjects chanting in loyal and heart-felt pleasing strains---

*God save the King!*

See the prospect, too, open with a more pleasing hue---yes---see us once more moored, after a hazardous and tempestuous voyage, either in the roads of unruffled elements, or anchored in a fair haven, with a loss, indeed, of some part of a valuable cargo (so wills a wise Providence!) which no human foresight could, most probably, prevent, or which, perhaps, the ablest pilot could not insure:---let us, then, hearken to the great master-pilot---*Reason*---and Reason, with Prudence at his elbow, will, at length, outride the storm; and, by *tacking* and *wearing*, give a due direction to our best interests, which, we all must grant, are embarked in a very precarious bottom, when we consider what *shoals*---what *Syrtes*---what *Scylla*, and what a *Charybdis*,

L

we



we have to pass over and contend with. Yes, the Great Vessel of the state, wherein such a variety of jarring interests, so many eccentric and doughty characters are embarked, has many rude billows to pass, many storms to expect and guard against---many conflicting and opposing elements to encounter. The Great Vessel of the state, I repeat it, thus heterogeneously freighted, is but with great manœuvring, and not without much difficulty, I fear, kept from *bulging*, even when a skilful pilot sits at helm---even when fair gales begin to waft her over the placid main, and bid her scud it along:---*deluded hopes!* If, then, amidst the smiles and flattering prospect of a lucky voyage, the keel cannot always be secured from suffering damage---it would well become us to consult our own composure, by being prepared, in the great school of moral and divine philosophy, against more probable and justly-expected disasters---when the air gathers darkness---when the billows roar, and roughly clash---when our *tip-toe* hopes are dashed, and well nigh swallowed up amidst the delusive, conflicting elements!

If then the Great Vessel of the state has not always, formerly, been steered with unabating success, during the more unclouded days of commerce—if what was meant, in this crisis, no doubt, for the best, has not proved so, in all human arithmetic, which measures greatness by a mass of figures;—if our allies, whose hearts and counsels no mortal could fathom, have proved perfidious;—if our honour is more precious than a *Jew's eye*, and it still remains for us to come off unscathed here, we should make a merit of being contented to compound with the present necessity, which, perhaps, the best-qualified human foresight could not shew off. (Who dare say, that if we had not met the *French* upon the Continent, in the stern work of war, they would not have, at this moment, been *lording* it over, and raising contributions among us?) And let us abide by such measures, as look at the public good, which, however, are left for experience to decide upon; and let us put into motion such exertions as bid fairest to prove, under the auspices of Heaven, the surest harbinger of a much-longed-for peace. And we should rejoice while we are

making, I hope, this great atoning sacrifice, by being thus drawn into this great devouring *vortex*, this *Moloch* of a nation, that devours her own children, if, in the issue, we be fortunate enough to save the most valuable part of the great national cargo. (It is in this manner, mariners, we read, compound with the raging devouring ocean.) Nay, if only a "*nest-egg*" be left us, as a *worthy* and *able* Divine wittily, although somewhat comically, remarked a few weeks ago, in his lecture, upon another occasion—Ye, we trust, the busy bees of commerce—ye, the sons of industry, will again, in good time, ere the winter of life approaches, feather your nests with soft and comfortable plumage—ye will too, throwing behind your backs the bag which was lately replete with party-spirit, bend your minds with redoubled ardour to the re-animating moments of hurry and commerce, which have enabled you, with the divine assistance, to stand forward the *grandest*, and, I would gladly persuade myself, the most *charitable* nation in the world—particularly you, this *magnificent* city—you, this *glorious*—this *charitable* Metropolis, where I behold—daily behold such notable  
monuments



monuments of individual and national worth and honour, as will not, I trust, ever be defaced from the tablets of my heart !

In winding up this discourse, which, I am persuaded, will be doubly useful, on account of a recent event, (the daring attack on his Majesty) I beg leave to remark, I would gladly persuade myself, for the credit of our executive powers, that abuses are not so glaring ; and what we, in a certain measure, hear broached, may be considered not as malevolent, nor the precise creed and clofeted devotion of the heart, but in *dramatis persona*. *Tragedy*, we all know, and *Comedy* too, open with the same view, point the same way :—partly, founded on truth, and partly, for the sole purpose of entertainment—dilated, exaggerated, ornamented—thrown into a variety of attitudes, and dished up to the taste of the eager hearers, who, while they amuse their fancies, we hope, not corrupt, nor inflame the ticklish affections, diffuse a cheering ray of hope upon the anxious poet ; confer a boon, by their smiles, upon his bantling, the offspring of his brain ; *butter* his bread, and, at the same time, embellish the comforts

forts of the impressive sons and daughters of the  
*great Garrick.*

And is it not so with a polite host, who takes  
care to thrive himself, by obligingly suiting his  
guests, as far as he can, with meats and sauces  
dished up, and seasoned to the proper pitch and  
*gout* of their palates? (Here it is to be observed,  
as time deadens the poignancy of relishes, it is  
found necessary, in keeping pace with the occa-  
sion, to bring forward dishes of a more exquisite  
smack, and high-seasoned flavour.)

But it would be well if such dishes do not turn  
crude upon our stomachs, (as high-flavoured dishes  
are too apt to do) and, by the acrimonious and  
bilious juices which they may generate, not only  
pervade our own system and fluids—not only hurt  
our own crasis, and thus change our own mass of  
blood; but they may tend to convey a sort of ma-  
lign and pestilential influenza around us, which  
nothing but due regimen can provide against, and  
counteract.

Provide,

Provide, then, an antidote. Collect, then, my brave countrymen, each man, his scattered forces. Stand, each sensible man, his post of honour. (This is a trying crisis.) Undeceive the deluded. Inform the unintelligent. Take the blind gently by the hand. Argue rationally, fairly, yet firmly, with the prejudiced and disaffected. They all wish to continue good citizens and good subjects; but present impressions influence them too much. Point out to them effects, and their causes. Allow, with them, this is, and has been a trying season; but tell them they have still many friends and generous benefactors, whose seasonable bounty not a few of them have repeatedly fed upon in the course of this very notable year. Tell them these friends will again and again prove friendly and generous, provided they only manifest, upon proper occasions, a moderate grateful sense of their favours.

Not to impede the wheels of government: not to molest or maltreat any of its leading members, whom common decency and a due deportment formerly taught us to respect, although it be only a *negative* virtue; yet, at this crisis, however, it  
will



will be imputed to a good principle, and entitle us to a priority in favours. There is a time, when a man, by baffle, by forwardness, and by a bold intrusion of superior talents, may, in the end, hurt himself, sow dissensions among peaceable citizens, and ruin the interests of his friends ; while the plain honest plodding labourer who is not beneath the care either of his fellow creatures, or of Heaven, secures a friendly retreat at a time when he can best experience the full extent of its value. Short-sighted mortals ! see the contrast.

Be, then, moderately industrious—be quiet. Your benefactors, what will they not do for you ? They have done much for us already :—your interest is connected with their welfare. Let each man of this description, when he can do no more, ingenuously prefer his claim—His claim is heard. I see—I see you cheered ! Honest, half-informed, deluded souls ! ye are still our brethren ; we have still owned you as such. Your King, your gracious Sovereign, whom you ever were wont to hail, good and propitious, before these impudent, faucy *Sans-culotte Frenchified politics* dared to be the rage of this imitative land ; hear him bid “ *Pro-*

*vide them bread ;*" (but still we must wait the time of Heaven). From what you unfortunately feel, and from what you, of late, have imbibed, it has been your misfortune to have ceased a moment to be grateful to a good King, who wishes us all to be happy, and who evidences in general, amidst a reign of wars, the auspicious Sovereign, by affording his subjects an opportunity of growing rich, and encourages them to exert those riches in rendering you such services, as may best tend to afford you comfort, and lasting happiness !

The Rich and Great are miserable without exercise and without study, and application to some honourable employment.—I see you—I see us all lost and undone, diverted and misguided from our peaceful tracts of industry—Labour itself is a pleasure—moderate labour. Recreation tends to invigorate our frame.—Consolations cheer our flagging spirits. Why then all this sickening cast of thought ? Why this modelling us to grow miserable ?—In the schools even of the *heathen* philosophers, their disciples were taught to despise pain, to bear evils, and many more notable lessons : *here* we learn to aggravate our troubles,

M

Variety

Variety is a medium by which we arrive at pleasure. Contrast has wonderful charms. Hunger and thirst, pain, sickness, and toils, very frequently enhance the value of their opposites. To persevere then in a virtuous industry, and a humble acquiescence in this wise oeconomy of Providence, which hath apportioned pain and pleasure, a winter and summer of life, to the different ranks and gradations of men, will be one great step to secure future favours. This comforts you, while it makes you useful members of society.

This improves individual and national wealth. This gives splendour and nerves to the British empire, and the constitution. And by these means is she enabled, as a faithful guardian, to refund to you, when your wants plead with untutored eloquence—when your nerves are unstrung,—when your animal spirits are growing cool and flying off, and can no longer be replenished. It is thus the last stage of your waning life will, with this proviso, beyond a doubt, prove a stage of honour, of comfort, and challenge the plaudits of all rational men!

Can,



Can, or will *anarchy* do thus much for us in the long run? At the very start we see it wherever it prevails, give the lie implicit, and a wrong direction to its own cause, and this way it does, while usurping thy name, deface thy fine burnish and enamel, O! Liberty—rational—sacred Liberty!

Think of thy shocking, thy turbulent usurpation in France! Can this be worth contending for? Is this desirable to any description of men? Can this be justly dignified by the amiable epithets—*Civism* and *Freedom*?

See us, too, insensibly—insensibly, perhaps, to ourselves, wearing into the wake of selfishness, and thus damp the merit of thy cause, were it indeed the best cause in the world! The due enjoyment of Freedom consists in the proper application of its privileges.—Without this it loses its tone; and is not worth a struggle. And I beg permission to ask, how can we draw ourselves into a persuasion that we will most effectually gain our point by thus throwing dirt in the face of our leaders and superiors: and after blinding,

or rather prejudicing the eye—yes, the mental optic, invite them to behold the darling object, through that medium, which our intemperate zeal may tend to block up. This is certainly an error!

Hear us, at length, exclaim, "Citizens! we have been too warm—we may have been too violent—we are not infallible. There are, as it were, two fronts to almost all subjects of this nature. We have dreamt of a doctrine which carries with it the air of reason and truth, which you all know we profess as our guides, and great standard-bearers—it has impressed our mind—the giddy and violent have heard—have listened—have profited by it—the good lived under its direction—the pious died under its influence—and were happy. Hear us then, retained by arguments of a superior and excellent nature and tendency, on the other side of the debate—hear us alledge and urge, by ushering in our plea with *Audi alteram partem*, that is, *hear the other side of the question*, which is not unworthy an Apostle,—“Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be unto the

the King, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King.

“ Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thank-worthy, if a man for conscience toward God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully.

“ For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when you do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently; this is acceptable with God.” This is indeed a sublime, though a seemingly plain doctrine! a fine political and domestic lesson!—The practice of this doctrine will, we must confess, prove a reviving cordial upon a death-bed, far beyond the most exaggerated and warmest plaudits and huzzas of an heated popular assembly. *We* think,—*you* and *many more* think annual elections, universal suffrage, and a stroke at what we deem corruption, would be productive of great good,  
and



and provide a remedy for all our diseases. This, however, upon experience, would, not improbably, teach us that little disproportions, trials, and grievances, which are ever upon the wing, do not always originate in the state : yet such is the jarring and imperfect nature of almost all parties, and all things, that the state, like the natural body, will scarcely be found without a disease attached to it.

Thus doubly taught—let us stand rebuked, for a moment : nor by provoking, make to ourselves enemies of those men, and that great Personage, whom at some future day we may find it necessary to petition for a favour. We would entitle this behaviour, in other people, stupidity. Let us then be cool—let us ground our arms. Let us take up a calm reasoning station ; without heats, without prejudices, and disclaim all plaudits ; and ask—Is it possible, in the nature of moral agency, but offences will come ; who is there here of whom it may not with justice be said, “ Thou art the man ? ” Our own imperfections should correct our censures, and humble us in the dust : our superior degrees of penetration, elo-

quence

quence and learning are talents intrusted to our charge, as grand vehicles for the conveyance of useful knowledge, and general happiness—not to be employed as formidable engines, misapplied to the destruction of that very constitution, which cost our ancestors so much, and which we so staunchly revere. Half of a loaf is better than none. A sickly habit of body, with intervening rays of sun-shine, is preferable to a confirmed malady. Our constitution, we would gladly hope, is too good to venture a hazardous experiment upon it. Give us leave, then, to remark to you, citizens! while we are under the force and guidance of this impression, and retained on the opposite side of the question; that no institutions have yet been brought forward, but such as have in some degree, failed in the execution: but would it be reasonable to blame our gracious Sovereign, and his august assembly of counsellors, for evils which are generated by the subterfuges, depravity, and chicanery of corrupted selfish individuals? We still humbly presume to notice we see abuses prevailing; but then you must admit it is no easy task, amidst the clashing interests of men, to keep this large machine in due and regular

regular movement.—The head may be sound, and the inferior members corrupt.

Let state-reform, then, march forward with its well-directed pruning hook, and dexterously lop off the luxuriant branches, which are but too apt to suck up the vigor and effluvia of the soil.—Yes, let state-reform, we repeat it, as early as conveniently possible, after cool and sober debate, go on to exert its energetic influence, by partly remedying those abuses which have so long furnished copious subject for complaint, and we are amply gratified.

And this *noose*---this *snaffle*---which bids fair to bridle up *our* tongues, and, in fact, every person's extravagant tongue,---this will we labour---incessantly labour, by moral and calm lectures, to untie. We will begin with remarking—We must sooner or later all of us die ! Death will not spare either the Democrat or the Aristocrat,—nay *royalty* itself sleeps in the grave, and blends with kindred dust : why then should we be so ticklish about precedency, and prerogatives—about annual elections, and about universal suffrage, and



about some arrangements, which we lament, when we feel them not so happily disposed as it might be wished:—(you have witnessed our repeated exertions in the great cause.) But let us cast about.—Things have been, and may be abundantly worse.—This constitution, and this people are not so perfect as they should be. Let us not, however, be too ingenious in magnifying on the gloomy side of the portrait. But this constitution has some pretty symmetry to boast of.—The people can display many fine proportions. They are not indeed without blemishes.—But see! —Behold their beauties. We must sympathize in this behalf. We share in these different descriptions. Heaven has been abundantly kind to us in mental qualifications, and in a variety of instances. We will not misuse the heavenly boon. There are many poor. We are not poor. But poverty is not a curse. There are many rich—Are we rich? But riches do not make a man happy.

What want *we* then? What want *you*, which, with due application to the means now before us, may not, feeling as we ought, direct us to a fair

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proportion

proportion if not of riches, and what the world calls splendor, at least of comfort and happiness?—without, which a Cræsus is *poor*: with which an Iros is *rich*. What would we be at, beyond this, so befitting those who stile themselves Christians, and who have better expectations in reserve?

While we are aiming at putting ourselves upon this, we judge, improved plan:—while we are aiming at gratifying every individual in his own way upon the present stage, we are actually and virtually aiming to destroy the merits attached to virtuous exertions:—yes, Virtue herself would, in no small degree, lie dormant, and want her touch-stone, were she not, now and then, put to the *Ordeal*, and brought forward in the field of action.—It is *here* Virtue first earned her name:—and it is *here* she must learn to keep it. It is *here* the soldier gains laurels. It is *here* the Christian courts martyrdom, and defies tortures. It is *here* the hot-headed reformer is, or should be, taught moderation, and candor. It is *here* the industrious and sober acquire wealth, and arrive at honours, while the indolent and dissipated, as they rarely court fortune in the right way, so are they

they hooted by her, as truant and ignoble votaries. This doctrine, citizens! this way of viewing the subject matter before us, will, we have great confidence, go a long way to sober and hush your agitated,—perhaps, deluded minds.

You must further be apprised, where there is neither probation nor troubles, there is no virtue; and where there is no virtue, there is no merit; and where there is no merit, there will certainly be no reward. That bearing evils with patience, when we cannot fairly remedy them; that suffering for conscience sake; that doing what every one cannot readily do, constitutes a good man, and consequently a well-disposed subject.

You are badly informed, indeed, if you aim at equalization, you yourselves being so unequal and disproportioned in abilities. Citizens! see gradation begin in Heaven—see cherubim form the first link of the great concatenation which holds on to the angelic choir. See man, heir of these sub-lunary abodes, and lord of the brute creation, immediately succeed, nor see it end but in the meanest reptile!



As to the seemingly great disproportions, derangements, and irritating inequalities which have ever prevailed in the world—Hear us, citizens! Were men nearer on a level, on the one hand, we contend, the gradation of offices would be lost, and some links in the great social compact must be struck off; and thus man, by pressing too closely upon the heels of those in advance, would, in the bickering for precedence, but with the greatest reluctance, be brought to stoop to such drudgeries in life as some persons must do, (*now*, as things are, not a few eagerly court them, and live comfortably), and thus the competition for the highest stages would divert the many from the humbler useful purposes of life; and the lower gradation, where rivalry and a due sense of honour should, for the wisest purposes, be cherished, would disdain to be active in their own sphere, without an ability of being duly useful in an assumed one. This would, infallibly, entail misery upon us. This would introduce *anarchy* with lordly strides. And as nature, the philosophers say, is impatient of a *vacuum*: so by destroying gradation we aim at a chasm

chasm in the moral system; and thus, of course, give a deadly stroke to the harmony of society, and to the great political body.—Yes, the link of concatenation being once broken off, the regular social intercourse of good offices is laid prostrate in the same manner as the great electric fluid is stopped in natural bodies, for want of a conductor.

Or like the stones of an arch, impinging upon, or depending from one another; should one give way, the rest are in imminent danger: So the poor cannot justly exclaim—we have no need of you, (the *rich*;) nor the rich—we have no need of you, (the *poor*.)

See! here the superlatively nice œconomy of Providence.

See! our common happiness growing out of our common wants.

And, on the other hand, were there no stimulating motives to lead sons of genius and of superior merits to form upon higher expectancies, either of profit or honour, man, (such, alas! is his

his untoward nature,) would too often stand neuter in the great concerns of life, or, at least, badly accommodate himself for higher and honourable attainments, which men, not unfrequently, are invited to from a laudable ambition, and from their aspiring energy of soul.

See! then, from this very disparity flows our common comforts!

May we here humbly submit this as an impressive remark to all ranks of men—Subjects! *Honour the king!* And O! ye monarchs of the earth, you who are placed as the chief magistrates of the public, and vicegerents of heaven, may you not deem the majesty of the people either an absurd or an uninteresting doctrine: for without the body, there is no need of a head. But let not riot seize the helm—for without a head the great political body will, beyond a doubt, lose its fine organization, and run into dangerous resorts and extremes. Neither may aristocratic influence, nor an ill-timed policy, nor any species of disorganization stop the gentle current, which should unceasingly glide through the whole system; or injure



jure the pulsation, or tend to cramp the nerves, and narrow the vessels and strainers, which, by conveying nutritious juices, diffuse a kindly and cheering warmth through the complicated whole. For without a due distribution of all the animal fluids through the various channels of the natural œconomy, the grand system and harmony of the whole will grow either discordant or diseased; and some of its parts being convulsed, humours will be apt to break out in the extremities; which distemperature of the, as well political, as natural body, requires no mean portion of abilities to modify, by applying gentle *correctives* and judicious *alteratives*. But see, in the great union of the whole, what a *tone*, and what an *energy*!

And O! may each of those, who, from their birth, their fortune, or superior talents, claim attention and respect, contend (and indeed it would be a noble contention,) in the manly strife to outstrip the lower class of the community, as far in generosity and liberality of sentiment, as they exceed them in opportunities leading to these!

Happy

Happy—thrice happy is that nation, whose interests are interchanged, and whose bond of society is, by mutual good offices, indissolubly cemented!

Yes—were all men put nearer upon a level, or were it, by an ill-timed policy, put beyond the power of merit to reach a point of view, supineness, or, perhaps, something more ignoble might engross the man; and the prospect to preferment being darkened, the laudable spirit of enterprize might be so far checked, as to lose its activity, which, while aiming at honour, erects itself into the form, and is the parent of many virtues. But the prospect to preferment being equally open to all, without pulling down distinctions, men arrive at distinguished honours, while in the abstract, they are paying court to them. This makes a man great, while he is employing the honourable means of acquiring greatness: and this may not inaptly be compared to rising early in the morning, which not only promotes the health of the body, and vigour of the soul, but also brings no inconsiderable addition to our secular affairs.

Man

Man was born to be useful—his wants define him to toil;—but he is not cut off from preferment, and advancing his fortune. His wants and his toils may serve, perhaps, to make him sometimes rather melancholy, not unfrequently *abject*.

By this, however, citizens, although we are arguing on the other side of the question, and we see not a few admit the impression, by no means do we hint, or is it warranted, that man, although the child of misery and of toil, was wantonly to be oppressed, or his miseries to be sported with; or the extreme harsh, if unqualified *fiat* of any one individual, however exalted, or any party of men, however distinguished by birth or by fortune, was to be imposed as a sovereign law upon the great mass of the people, whose feelings are susceptible, and whose passions being once aroused, hurry them on to desperate expedients. *Heaven forbid it! Gracious Sovereign forbid it! Ye august Senators—ye great Delegates* from the people, ward off the fatal blow! Keep the *Palladium*—\*Relax but a little!

You see, citizens! how one extremity challenges another. Let us, however, err on the safe

\* They have relaxed.

O

fide



side of the question. Let us be calm. The Almighty, *He*, the father of all mercies, even *He*, good as *He* is, defers our prayers and petitions, and justifies his Providence by the issue. Let it rather be said by our posterity, our Ancestors were a sober, an industrious, and pious race of men. In their days, indeed, taxes were heavy, and the people were straitened for bread; they, however, held on in their way, and, at length, Heaven sent them bread enough. Than our ancestors, with good views, we trust, but with a temper over-spirited, endeavouring to remedy some abuses that had crept into the state, made them worse: and while they were earnest and too furious in curing the worse, they brought on a *civil war*—they imitated *France*!!!

Whoever, citizens, wishes a reform, and if he cannot effect it by fair play, and honest means, desists, although greatly mortified, and conveys his appeals to Heaven, is a good citizen, and a patriot. Whoever, being defeated in accomplishing this his great object, forthwith becomes outrageous, is beneath these appellations, and merits not honourable mention; because, like an inex-

pert

pert surgeon, attempting to amputate one corrupted  
 limb, he, most probably, destroys the whole  
 body. Now, citizens! should we point our dis-  
 course to those of a sanguine and an over-heated  
 temperature, we would address them thus—Should  
 the ploughman be weary of his sober and enrich-  
 ing habits of industry—should the mechanic prefer  
 disorder and irregularity to his stated schemes of  
 acquiring the comfortable enjoyments of life—  
 should the more enlightened sons of arts and sci-  
 ences, be grown sick of the most laudable and  
 ennobling pursuits—the pursuits of knowledge  
 and humanity, which, independently of other  
 considerations, carry their own reward along with  
 them—should the suffering a little present, whe-  
 ther only seeming, or real oppression—should the  
 putting up with a less evil, for the sake of a  
 greater—ultimately greater good, be a doctrine  
 not only irrational, but impolitic; and not only  
 impolitic, but inconsistent with the sober dictates  
 of *Christianity*—Then let *Discord* and *Discontent*,  
 twin sisters, in haggard form, dare more than  
 peep out, at a distance, with rueful and ghastly  
 eyes, and begin, more than affect, a gigantic  
 slide—Then let *Sedition* pervade each description

of men—*Then let Anarchy go on.—Go on, said we! Nay, Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, ye brave,* though too often misguided sons of BRITAIN!

*Forbid it* likewise, ye more impetuous sons of reform: ye too are deeply interested in a stable government—ye too are susceptible of such pain, and such misery as outrage entails. Ye aim at happiness too as well as the more sober part of the community; but it may be, from impressions within, you are impatient under, and are meditating the correction of some unfortunate adventures and progresses in life, and are daring the removal of some, perhaps, self-created evils:—but you dare in a wrong way.—*Habits of industry and moderation* will more effectually secure the object of your pursuit, than the most formidable combinations: the former carry an inherent, enriching principle along with them; the latter will recoil, in the end, perhaps, inevitably recoil upon your own unfortunate heads, and fill you with vexation and bitter disappointment.

It is not possible, consistently with the fabric of our bodies—it is not consistent—ultimately



consistent with the great scheme of *self-love* and *self-preservation*, which are the two great springs of almost all our actions, to court our own misery, and dare the avenging hand of the civil powers:—even in our greatest deflections from the strait line of moral rectitude, we are, although by intemperate steps, still led on, or rather deluded by this enchanting Syren *self-love*.—To be *peaceable* and *loyal* subjects—*This is true self-love—This is solid enjoyment.*

Hear us, citizens! make one or two remarks after asking you “Did his Majesty, or did his ministers provoke the war?”—Nay, how plainly and repeatedly did not his Majesty evince to the furious French a different temper—only spare, says he, the effusion of your Majesty’s blood—the blood of your Monarch, whom you not long ago hailed the kind father of his people—*Staunch blood hounds!* steady to their bloody purpose—*they would not spare!!*

May not a King, feeling as he ought, resent and vindicate the cause of humanity, when his own and the interests of his people are in the way of being affected?

affected?—May not—and should not a humane and generous people unite to a man in resenting outrages almost beyond a parallel? See the precedent!—Think of its force! People and nations often resort to, and are misguided by precedents,—alas! too often by *bad* precedents.

As to our conspiring to assist the Dauphin (now no more!) in asserting his claim to the crown of France; would you but turn your eyes upon the historic page, you will there be frequently told that this friendly, or it may be, political (meaning *public good*) kind of auxiliary, is no new thing. And supposing the French were not disposed to intermeddle in our affairs, at the martyrdom of King Charles I. and upon some other occasions, not improbably, from reasons of policy; (although it must not be denied, that they, through the medium of their ambassador, interposed in the King's behalf) yet that part of their conduct cannot weigh as a precedent to future politicians, as all the instances may not assimilate, and conspire to justify the measure. A small variation not unfrequently gives the cast. Did *we* run into such outrageous extremities as *they* ran into? Did

Did *we*, upon that painful resort, meditate or model any plans which might seem to threaten the composure of their internal repose, or infringe upon their rights, or those of their allies? And if the French feel not deeply enough concerned upon those mournful and painful resorts—in those appeals where humanity is either sacrificed to some pretext, or falls greatly prostrate!—Yet mark! how rarely they keep aloof, when their ambitious, or political views are tempted with a prospect of being enlarged, at the expense of national justice, and Gallic honour. See! too, how they watch, plague and counteract your opening and your aspiring genius in the different avenues by which you hold intercourse with the distant nations of the commercial world.

Citizens! it would employ more time to traverse this wide field of inquiry, which opens upon minds happily disposed to view imperfect objects, (as all objects of this nature happen to be) on the more pleasing and regaling side, than our engagements will allow—We, therefore, beg leave to conclude, with hoping you will find some degree of consolation when you view the objects

in



in debate through this rational, and somewhat  
 attemperated medium—*Adieu!*

\* Yes, plead calmly for your clients—speak  
 firmly—but speak fairly. A well-directed zeal is  
 highly commendable—This is a powerful weapon.  
 Hurt not the cause of your friends. If it be a  
 good cause—violent agitation and exaggerated  
 invectives make against it. If it be a bad plea,—  
 no language, nor any manner of behaviour what-  
 ever can justify it. We all wish well to our own  
 interests, and join issue with modest advances.  
 We will none of us basely submit to be trod  
 upon, and trampled in the mire. Uproar will be  
 a virtuous rallying point, when unwarrantable  
 extremities hood-wink reason, and drive us on to  
 extremities—not such extremities as we too often  
 imprudently bring upon ourselves, and then are  
 unreasonable enough to be greatly out of hu-  
 mour with state-arrangements, men and things.  
*Rational* freedom, which is the only freedom  
 worthy an honest man, is indeed a *grand* object—  
 it is indeed a *consummate* blessing. See, then,  
 none of us in the character of patriot, misemploy

\* The Author resumes.

it,

it, and the many suffer by our imprudence---This is no new thing.

Look back upon the ill-timed zeal of LORD GEORGE GORDON, and dread a demeanor thus overbearing and formidable, as pregnant with serious and alarming consequences! Remember the ill-fated fury and abortive strides of WAT TYLER, with his adherents, who being stung with resentment on account of a private insult, sacrificed the public weal, stained his hands in blood, resisted government, and consequently involved the nation in a scene of disorder,---He was killed---his audacity killed him---his followers were dispersed. Men of dignity and approved talents, it is not unreasonable to suppose, ought to be our fittest guides.

Let us then be candid—let us moderate our censures, and cool our impetuosity. Let us value our own personal security! Let us value our families! Let us value our friends! Let us not, in these critical days, try dangerous expedients at the expense of this *noble* Metropolis—the *boast* of the world! The stake is great! A man, sometimes,

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does

does much glaring evil, when he aims at effecting much good. Pause a little. Can our best friends prescribe a more eligible regimen—a safer line of conduct? And if I have, in this address, announced any hints worthy attention, I am not without hopes men of genuine feelings will not fail to foster them. If an *informer* is an unpopular and an unpleasant character assumed for good reasons—the reasons may be good, if not the character) If an *incendiary* is detestable; if a *rogue* or *pick-pocket* practise their knavery at the expense of the public:—Should not those men then be warned and taught to have a care how they tamper with, and irritate the mind of man, which is naturally prone to change—is forward in grumbling and fretting—is little disposed to bear losses, crosses, and trials; but is perpetually hunting and pursuing after happiness, through glimmering, but attractive prospects, and delusive mediums. Self-interest, a powerful engine, we admit, with a mixture of patriotism or ambition, has effected shameful wonders on the sensations of frail mortals! Think of consequences,—a friend speaks. Digest not these remarks and candid warnings as unpleasant truths. Be moderate then. Be loyal.



Let us be true patriots ;—as such all our aims will be properly adapted to secure the *public good*, which is inseparable from the *public tranquillity*.

A *fool* or a *mad man* may indeed raise an uproar in a city—yes, in the end, he may destroy a nation ! A prudent man sacrifices the less object for the sake of the greater.—Let henceforth then dispassionate lectures become the securer pursuit of our respective geniuses. (Here men of abilities will engage all parties.) Instruct while we delight, nor hurt one at the expense of another.

In short, let us not sow dissensions among our brethren—our fellow-citizens ! And those abilities which might (if I judge not wrong) shine at the bar, or secure harmless and judicious plaudits from a British theatre, should scorn to court, and greedily incline to such *evanescent* honours, as calmer moments cannot fail to explode !

O ! may then, forthwith, the party-fostering epithets *Democrat*, *Aristocrat*, and *Monarchical*, happily blend their interests, and avaunt ! party-

names.\* Let the *sweet*—the *endearing* epithet “*Citizen*” be confined to no party—to no description of men. What novelty in an old word! What fascinating charms attach to laying a *new* emphasis upon *old* words! Were we not *Citizens* till these later days? I have to fear this mode of fixing new, although well-meant ideas, to old words may, in the end, do much harm—unless men be resolved to be *good* citizens. Else why this *shyness*? Why all this *mistrust*, if opinions do not nicely coalesce? It will not be safe, we suppose, to defend the cause of an absent friend of any party. This argues something wrong.—This betrays a narrowness of mind. *What!!* are the maddening and illiberal days of persecution stealing in upon us? Fie upon it! Fie upon it!—From this moment, let us consider ourselves no other but such as the common and benevolent Father of us all intended we should humanize ourselves—*all brethren!* and *all* fellow-citizens—*citizens* of the world at large!

\* Which are extremely alarming to well-disposed minds, greatly prejudicial to the public weal, and highly derogatory to the honour of this or any other nation.

And

And O! thou great Director and wise Disposer of events, may all petty grievances (*petty* when put into the balance with settled and outrageous calamities) be happily adjusted!

May each party prove no other than a *compatriot*;—and each *patriot* stand forward a *bold* but *dispassionate* man;—and each *man* contribute his mite of energy in suppressing *faction* and *sedition*;—and may *faction* and *sedition* grow ashamed, and mould themselves into *cool reasoning*; and *cool reasoning*, in the end, greatly triumph; and this *triumph* carry in its victorious, but homely car, PEACE and BROTHERLY LOVE; and may PEACE and BROTHERLY LOVE, forthwith, be ushered in, O gracious heaven! and ever reign the CONSTANT ORDER OF THE DAY!



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THE  
C O R D I A L :

A CONSOLATORY POEM,

ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT DAY.

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DECAMPED from a busy life,  
Where reign'd some quiet—more of strife,  
Borne aloft on towering wing,  
In nervous strains I peaceful sing ;  
With force of zeal's impetuous tide,  
Content's great source, and latent pride ;  
Impatience's cure and cordial pill,  
Amidst big grief, and threat'ning ill :—  
A nation's *nosstrum*, if but known,  
It is the great *diviner's*\* stone.  
Though clouded days, and wanton quill,  
May probe the heart, and warp the will  
Of those whom fortune runs aground,  
And dares transfix with gaping wound ;

\* Philosopher's,

Be't

Be't *Quis* to meet mishaps unseen,  
 With patient front, and manly mien.  
 Where is the man who dares to boast  
 A prospect fair, and open coast?—  
 Where is the *King* who does not feel  
 Fortune's hard hand, and biting steel,  
 Amidst the better days of life,  
 Commix'd with pleasure and with strife?  
 If *Kings*, then, feel such poignant smart,  
 Whose happiness is but in part:  
 If what nor crested pow'r can lend,  
 Nor health can give, nor wealth can send,  
 Be what you want——  
 Raise ye the tow'ring head on high,  
 Rear the front, and touch the sky:  
 There prospects ope with equal ken  
 To all degrees and ranks of men:  
 'Tis thence you draw the *Cordial*,  
 The cheering cup unmix'd with gall,  
 A gladsome draught for *great* and *small*.  
 Brave sons of *Britain*, deign t'apply  
 To the great Umpire of the sky,  
 Whose potent arm protects our isle  
 From secret foes and foreign guile.  
 Though clouds may threat, and thunders growl;  
 Though dogs may bark, and wolves may prowls;  
 Though seasons change, and friends betray,  
 And fortune's gifts should turn away:

Though

Though commerce slack's her active sail;  
 And trade's impetuous current fail;  
 Though taxes swell, and tumults roam;  
 Though vagrants *here*, expell'd our home;  
 Though ruffling passions dare controul,  
 And check the freedom of the soul;  
 A last retreat there is for all,  
 A place of rest beyond the pole,  
 (If we but tread the narrow road  
 Which leads to Virtue and to God,)  
 Where titles cease, and pomps decay,  
 And tinsel'd pride is turn'd to clay;  
 Where Kings and subjects *all* are *one*;  
 Where splendour's lost, and wants are *none*;  
 Where ruffling tempests ne'er invade  
 A peaceful ealm—in peaceful shade!  
 Why, then, should we so furious grow,  
 And cease the gen'ral good to know?  
 What if th' impetuous tongue they bind,  
 Let's clap the *padlock* on the *mind*;  
 And this way let us wisely try,  
 The present *snaffle* to untie;  
 Then aptly 'twill be understood—  
 The *placid mind*'s a *public good*.  
 Yes, take submits with some controul,  
 This check—but not the *death-watch* of the soul.  
 When this dares stride with dread approach,  
 Nor plea is found why you encroach;

'Tis



'Tis then the gen'ral weal, we own,  
 Demands a staunch and stubborn tone:  
 And *Britons all* unite in *one* !  
 But, happy Britain, in thy crown,  
 Whom distant nations hail and own,  
 A wisely-framed Monarchy,  
 Where reigns not *ONE*, but *ONE* in *THREE* !  
 Then, happy Britain, in thy isle,  
 Where waters flow, and vintage smile !  
 (But first among thy sons I name  
 This glorious city big with fame,)  
 Where plenty swells it all around,  
 The high, and low, and pleasant ground ;  
 Excepting when a scanty year  
 Dejects our hopes, nor deigns to cheer.  
 And though stern want may threat the plain,  
 And still we feel the price of grain ;  
 O ! may we all as *Brethren* live,  
 Nor hurt, nor wound t'each other give.  
 And should rude strife creep in awhile,  
 And cloud the face that ought to smile,  
 May morning's cheering sun dispel  
 The gloom—and all again is well.  
 Thus minded, may we *chat* and *meet again*,  
 And *here* we'll end, and cry—*Amen* !

THE  
P A N E G Y R I C :  
A RETROSPECTIVE POEM,

*Being an Honorary Tribute paid to the METROPOLIS, in particular, and to BRITISH Munificence, in general, &c. conspicuously displayed, upon many trying Occasions.*

How shall I chant GREAT LONDON's fame?  
Or how OLD ENGLAND's bounty tell?  
'Twould boot not much to pen each name,—  
This wou'd a Folio-volume swell!!

——Favete linguis—HOR.

FULL twice six weeks the pinching frost  
Had tried hard the human race;  
All verdure was lock'd up and lost—  
Lost was all nature and each grace,

Hard pinched were the feather'd train;  
Lost was their peaceful cheering song;  
All was mix'd sorrow, grief, and pain,  
Pin'd by this storm, so sharp, so long!

Pin'd were the roving beasts of prey,  
(The snow had vested all around),  
Much stalk'd along of wild dismay—  
Much of grim want was to be found.

\* This Panegyric is introduced by picturing the striking and dismal effects the last winter's long intense frost had upon the animal and vegetable creation.

The

The timid hare, appall'd by want,  
 Embolden'd by her craving claim,  
 To steal a pittance, though but scant,  
 To keep alive her chilly frame.

The lowing ox, the peaceful kine,  
 The snorting nag, ere time ago :  
 All now are pinched—all do pine,  
 All—all are shrunk, and droop with woe.

The wanton dog, that us'd to play,  
 And frisk it o'er and o'er the green ;  
 Now he's too mop'd, and all dismay,  
 And much of sorrow's to be seen.

The whelp and cat their gambols cease,  
 Nor blithsome scud it on the floor ;  
 But both unnerv'd—they starve—they freeze—  
 They haunt the hearth, and constant cower.

The cock, the hen, and cackling goose,  
*Poor Robin!* too, provok'd with pain,  
 Squat on their toes, and haunt the house,  
 Benumb'd by cold—and die for grain!

Chill'd, too, was all the *Attic* fire ;  
 Block'd up the channels of the soul :  
 Unstrung and dull the Muse's lyre,—  
 The nipping frost dares all controul.



See! how paternal love is ty'd:

See! how maternal feeling draws  
To her wan offspring to divide  
A portion fair in nature's cause.

See! each close wedg'd around the fire,  
Parents and bairns, a chilly throng!  
I'm greatly pleas'd, and much admire  
To hear their little twitt'ring song.

I see them smirk, and giggle too,  
Somewhat of fun, no doubt, is near:  
Their poor starv'd *Dad* has \* burnt his *shoe*!  
'Tis hence they laugh—and call it *queer*.

The sportsman and his beagles now,  
By shorten'd circuits soon return;  
Each eager, bold, and staunch, and true,  
Whose master hot for th' chase does burn.

The peeping poacher plies his time,  
Nor piercing frost represses here:  
His tube to aim he calls no crime—  
But *skulkings* oft betray his fear.

\* The Author had burnt his shoe in a curious oval manner, which gave rise to this stanza.

Deep snow-drifts do but *warm his* breast ;  
More eager still *purs* to pursue,  
Who awkward limps, and runs her best ;  
But her plain prints point out too true.

The *rich*, the *great*, frost does not touch ;  
Their portion with more lib'ral hand,  
Kind Heav'n has pour'd 'em, vast and much,—  
Soft warmth and plenty at command.

But let not Envy's poison'd tongue  
At this time chief affect the great ;  
But *starvelings* rather raise your song—  
And fathers join to make complete.

Go—haste and tell your *British* foes,  
Touch'd with compassion's sov'reign claim,  
Your sons have op'd a fount whence flows  
*Your* comfort, and *their* lasting fame.

*Ask* them what nation they can tell,  
Beneath the wide expanse of Heav'n,  
ENGLAND in bounty can excel,—  
Ask whence this excellency's given.

See contributions pil'd in store !  
Hear active bounty searching round :  
“ *Where live the many needy poor ?*  
“ *Where are fit objects to be found ?*”

I claim

I claim attention—pray attend :

Lift you who form your notions wrong?  
How wou'd you *permanently* mend  
A system grand to which belong

Diffusive blessings and well know?—

The rich, kind donors, see dispose  
What once kind Heav'n had made their own—  
Kind b'yond the limits of the laws!

No curious party bounty's *here*;

All join hands in sorrow's cause;  
As wide this dole, as is the sphere—  
All *brothers* we in human woes!

The plodding workman with much toil,

Picks up his pence with *hack* and *spade*;  
How oft he turns the sturdy soil!  
How oft pursues a thriveless trade!

But for these doles no toils are ask'd,

All hopes of curtsy are disclaim'd;  
No labours *here* at all are task'd:—  
Hence then those gifts are justly fam'd.

How can I chant Great LONDON's fame?

Or how OLD ENGLAND's bounty tell?  
'Twou'd boot not much to pen each name—  
This would a *Folio* volume swell!!

O had



O had I but a MILTON's lays;  
 Or were MœONIAN flights now giv'n,  
 I'd dare then try Great LONDON's praise,  
 The noblest city under heaven!

Yes, I wou'd chant how LONDON stands,  
 First registered in EUROPE's fame;  
 What matchless strains it chief demands,  
 T'immortalize its deathless name!

See *Hospitals*, *Infirm'ries* too,  
 Asylums kind! to you belong,  
 Most lasting gifts, not of a few—  
 Hence flows the *sick* and *cripple's* song.

See mix'd donations all around!  
 See *orphans* join in learning's train!  
 Which makes the widow'd heart rebound,  
 And lights its breast of anxious pain.—

See *Sunday-schools* for roving youth!  
 Whom ign'rance blind drives all headlong,  
 Invited to the roads of truth,  
 To join in concert learning's throng.

To *Sunday-schools* in cheerful choir,  
 All closely wedg'd in galleries,  
 See crowds look up—see Gods admire!  
 Look Heav'n—yes Heav'n itself you please.

See once a-year, (witness SAINT PAUL,\*)

What varied tribes and orphan throng!

See not a *few*—but eye them *all*

In one great mass chanting along

In pleasing concert, and in sacred song. }

Hush! then, ye poor, nor cry, *alas!*

See LONDON gen'rous pours her dole;

She picks not *scores*—she takes the *mass*;

See her too keen—she grasps the *Whole!*

Your schools kind patrons still endow;

Kind friends still bend towards the poor;

Most worthy men there are I vow—

*Orphans!* thank God, praise and adore.

But, giddy youth, ye little dream,

How glow'd their bosom with the thought!

How oft the Donors scann'd the theme!

How sympathy their bosom taught!

Ye rich, ye great! thus well y'employ

The vast and lib'ral gifts of heav'n;

May you have more, and more enjoy,

What further flowing wealth is giv'n!

May thus the rich still lead the train!

Nor may their bounty's storehouse fail;

O may

\* St. Paul's church.

O may my pray'r be not in vain!  
Nor cease the eulogetic tale.

Surrounded thus with blessings giv'n!  
Wage no mad wars with idle tongue;  
The rich your Almoners from Heav'n!  
Speak then your hearts with grateful song.

What revolution can afford  
Such ample stores as oft you find?  
What land with plenty more is stor'd?—  
Hush then the storm, and hush the wind.

And what if Heav'n, for wisest cause,  
Shou'd for awhile correct our will;  
'Tis *Justice* bids him point his laws;  
But *Mercy* is triumphant still!

Disarm'd then be the ruffian blow—  
Hush'd be the wild impetuous strife:  
Hence learn thy int'rests right to know;  
Hence organise thy jarring life.

*What!!* wou'dst thou stab the gen'rous heart,  
Wou'dst thou hatch *treason*-with our foes?  
No—issue join and hence impart  
Thy efforts best in Justice's cause.

R

Tho'



Tho' scant of wealth thou wilt upraise  
 A due regard in *British* fame :  
 Here merit much of just-earn'd praise ;  
 And hence immortalize thy name.

Your foes then cannot justly say,  
 (If aught your children you regard)  
 " *His friends his father did betray,*"  
 —His noble faith is your reward.

If fathers mad have spent their all ;  
 If riot has their darling been :  
 Shou'd you now sip somewhat of gall,  
 And vari'd be the present scene.

If children many you have got,  
 And you have drank a nauseous bowl ;  
 If poverty invades thy cot,  
 Blame not thy country, but controul—

—Controul and tame the fiery tongue,  
 Which hardly will the curb endure ;  
 Nor let thy mouth drive thee headlong,  
 Be all thy aim a sovereign cure.

Then wilt thou learn a hand above,  
 (Who all directs for th' wisest end)  
 The great machine unseen does move ;  
 Upon whose care we all depend.

And

And shou'd we suffer much below;  
(No lasting mansion have we *here*)  
O! lend us patience wise to grow,  
And mount aloft above the sphere.

At rest from warrings and from strife,  
No cold medium will be known:  
Then in th' enjoyment of true life—  
All then's fruition and full blown.

God blefs GREAT GEORGE our Sovereign Lord,  
O may he long in BRITAIN shine!  
Lov'd as a *King*—a King ador'd,  
And live in long successive line!

Here we conclude, my friends, *Adieu!*  
May *Laureat Peace* or deign to smile,  
Or Phalanx-wedg'd all close and true—  
Let's bravely shield our *Native Isle!*

## THE ENCOMIASTIC:

*An Epigram on the brave Captain FAULKNER, of his Majesty's Frigate the Blanche, who, some time ago, most courageously engaged, and, after a most bloody conflict, took, at the expense of his life, the French Frigate Pique, of much superior force.*

FAULKNER the brave! i'th' frigate *Blanche*,  
 Did bravely fight, not meanly flinch,  
 Nor did he dread proud Gallia's *Pique*;  
 For amid foes,  
 He shunn'd not blows;  
 But he was paid a *scurvy* trick.—  
 A musket-ball,  
 It came pell-mell—  
 Alas! alas! must I impart,  
 What then was done,  
 Was far from fun—  
 It robb'd us of an HERO's HEART!



*An Epigram, being an Eulogium on the brave Captain MONTGOMERY, of his Majesty's Frigate the Inconstant, who lost his leg in the action,*

CAPTAIN brave MONTGOMERY!  
 Was made to *fight*, and not to *fly*—  
 For in the King's good frigate  
*Inconstant*, he most *constant* stood,  
 And sunk the FRENCH SHIP in the flood;  
 But first did smartly twig it.

Lift!—after this most sturdy fray,—  
 I hear the brave MONTGOM'RY say—  
 "Grudge not, my lads, for this my leg,  
 "When them we smack, and them we peg:"  
 Nay him I hear, most brave! declare:  
 (Nor sighs he much, nor much does care,)  
 "While thus we fight, and thus we win,  
 "What matter for my BOWLING-PIN!"

What *here* I've prais'd, or *here* impress,  
 Chief, Heav'n, to me, to me make known!  
 Nor may I *here* in language dress  
 What's naught congenial with my own!

F I N I S.